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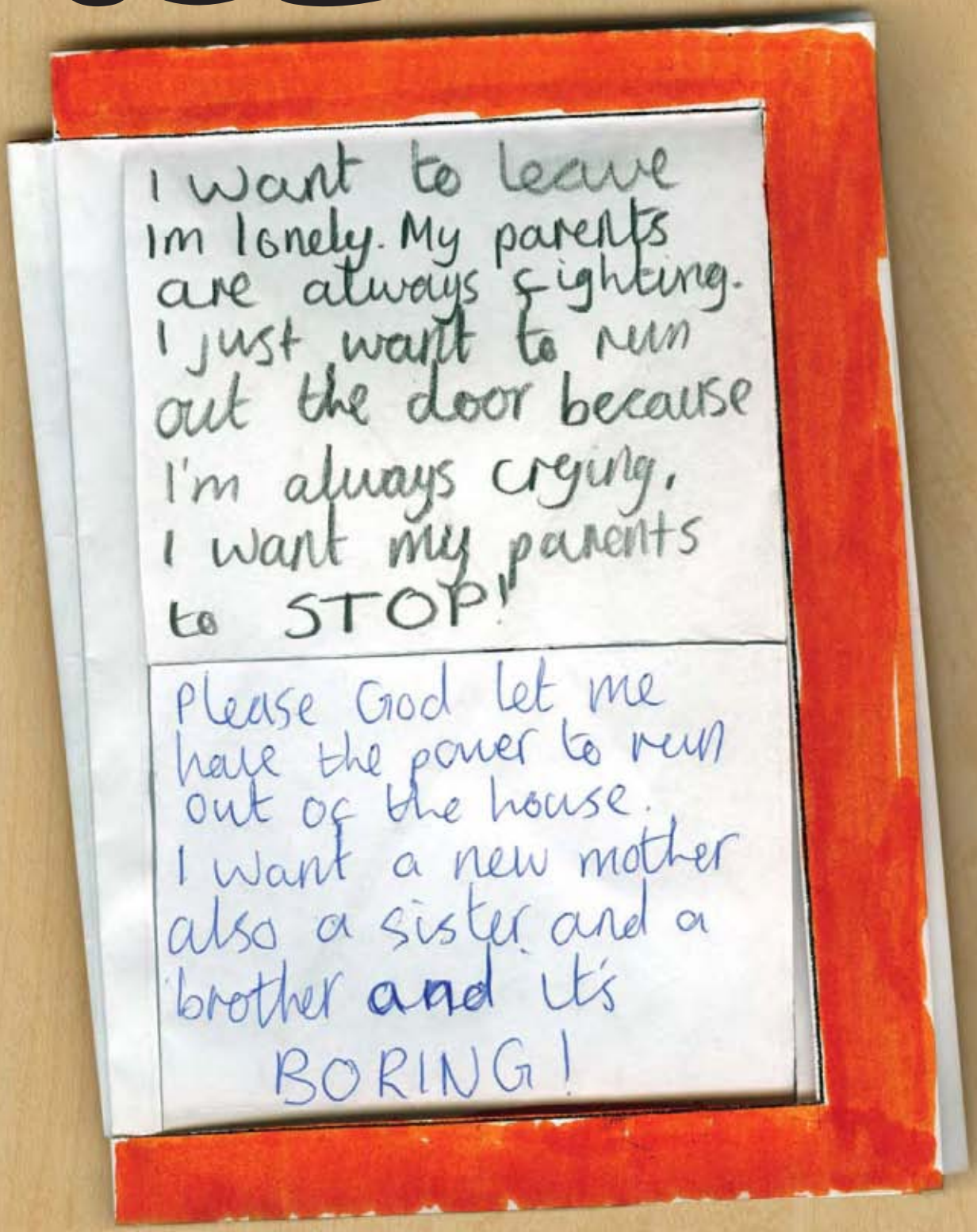

THE KIDS ISSUE

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jackass number two

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scott simmons director of photography dimitry elyashkevich co-producers sean cliver dimitry elyashkevich bam margera

in association with lynch siderow productions "jackass number two"

dave england ehren mcghehey music supervisors manish raval and tom wolfe editors seth casriel matthew probst

executive producers derek freda trip taylor david gale van toffler produced by jeff tremaine spike jonze johnny knoxville

directed by jeff tremaine

soundtrack available on bulletproof records

jackassmovie.com

in theatres september 22

WARNING: The stunts in this movie were performed by professionals, so neither you nor your dumb little buddies should attempt anything from this movie.

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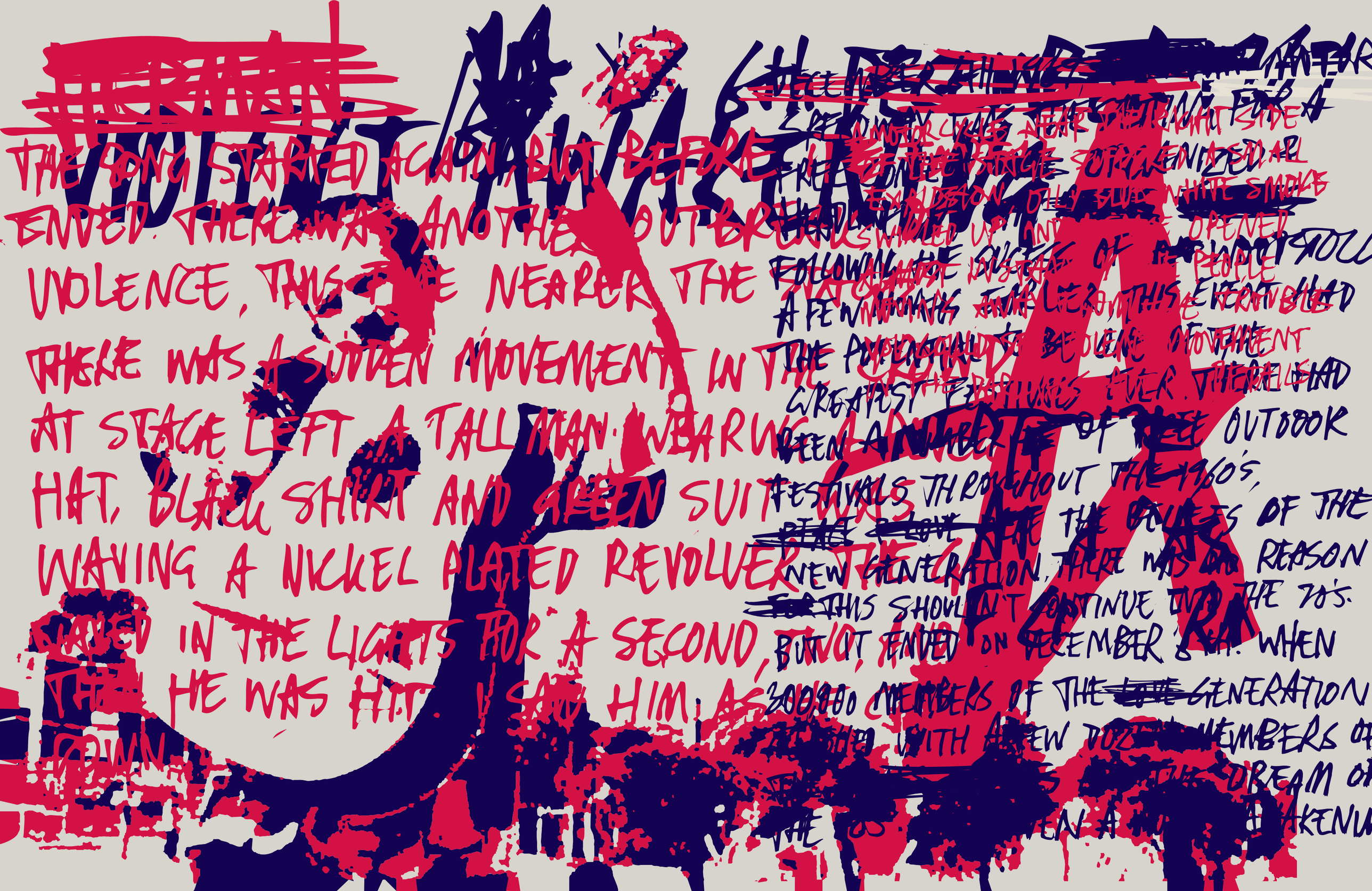
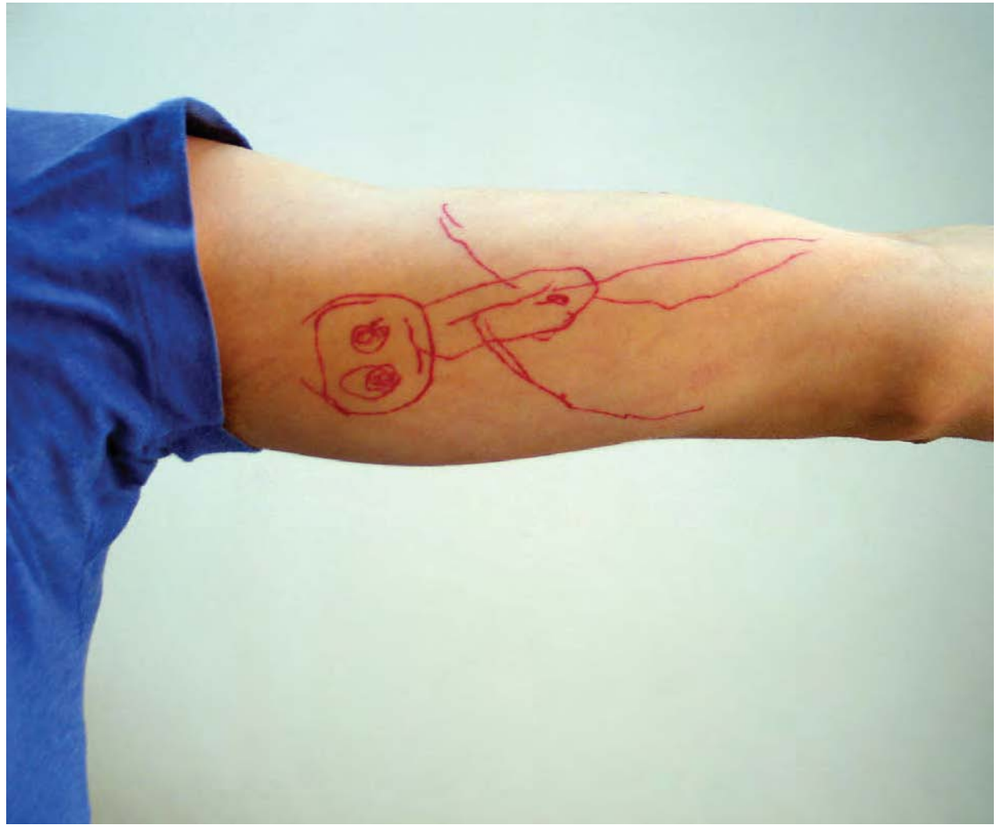

THE SONG STARTED AGAIN, BUT BEFORE
ENDED THERE WAS ANOTHER OUTBREAK
VIOLENCE, THIS TIME NEARER THE
THERE WAS A SUDDEN MOVEMENT IN THE
AT STAGE LEFT A TALL MAN WEARING
HAT, BLACK SHIRT AND GREEN SUIT WAS
WAVING A NICKEL PLATED REVOLVER THE
IN THE LIGHTS FOR A SECOND, TWO, AND
HE WAS HIT. I SAW HIM AS
DOWN
FOLLOWING THE SUCCESS OF
A FEW MONTHS EARLIER, THIS EVENT HAD
THE POTENTIAL TO BE ONE OF THE
GREATEST FEATURES EVER. THERE HAD
BEEN A NUMBER OF FREE OUTDOOR
FESTIVALS THROUGHOUT THE 1960'S,
THE BELIEFS OF THE
NEW GENERATION, THERE WAS NO REASON
THIS SHOULDN'T CONTINUE INTO THE 70'S.
BUT IT ENDED ON DECEMBER 8TH. WHEN
300,000 MEMBERS OF THE GENERATION
WITH A FEW DOZEN MEMBERS OF
DREAM OF
THE
WAKENU

Our friend Cody from Melbourne, Australia, had a tattoo done of a drawing his daughter made of him.



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Cover photo by Jamie-James Medina

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Ultrasound of a four-month-old fetus.

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ADMIT ONE
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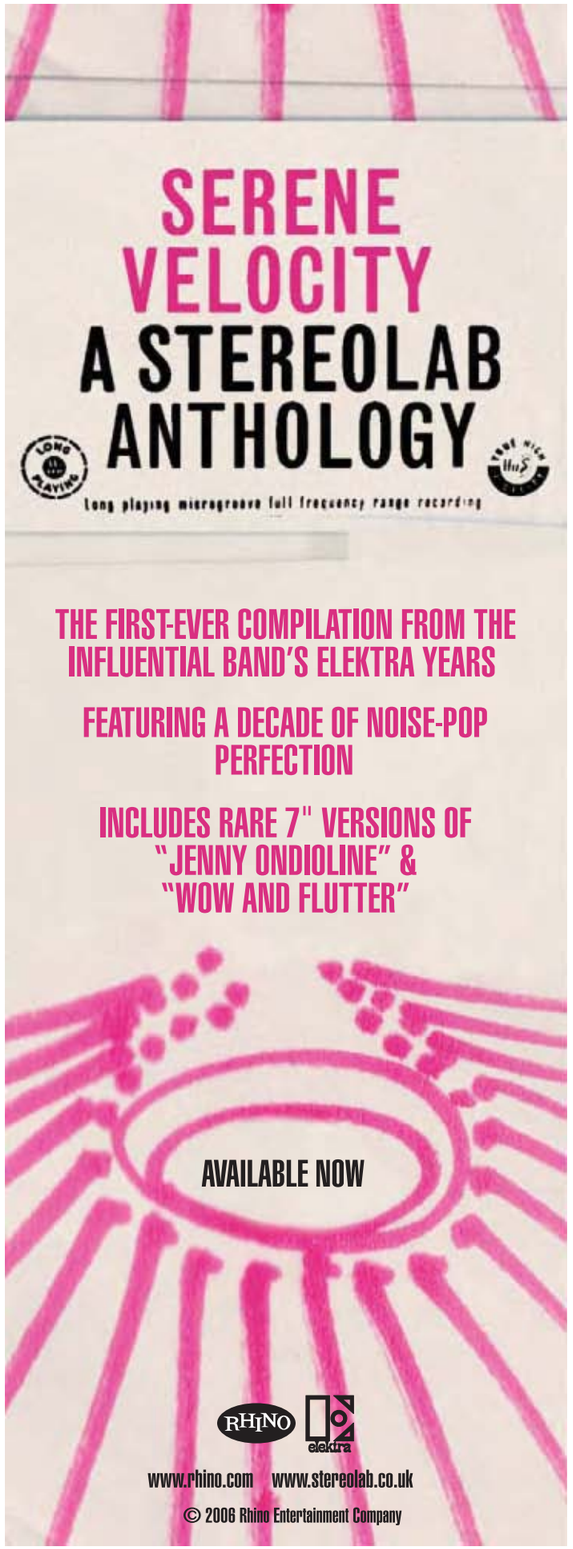

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The Crane Wife
10/03/06

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Employees of the Month

ANNETTE RAMOS

Annette coordinates all the clothing for our fashion shoots, which means her average day is spent combing through box after box of the stonewashed, pre-torn, silk-screened, distressed garbage that people send us. Annette digs out the few items that don't look like they're from a Russian gino's wardrobe, and then recommends them to us for the magazine.

She's also the poor bastard who has to sell the labels on who's going to be wearing their clothes instead of Lindsey Lohan or some douche from *Laguna Beach*. In the case of this issue, it's teenage moms.

See VICE FASHION, *p. 74*

MATT KOMAR

Matt's one of those kids who breezes through his high school career on a magic cloud of weed smoke and guffaws while his classmates bust their capillaries just trying not to fail. (Ever notice how the breezers either end up rich or in jail?) For this issue, we asked him to give us the scoop on what the fuck high school kids are doing these days. He patiently explained to us the intricate web of hanging out, drug dealing, and doing it that is the suburban Jersey teen scene and then flicked a cigarette in the air and said, "See ya." Is it gay to have a boner right now?

See HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL, *p. 54*

PFFR (AKA THE WONDER SHOWZEN GUYS)

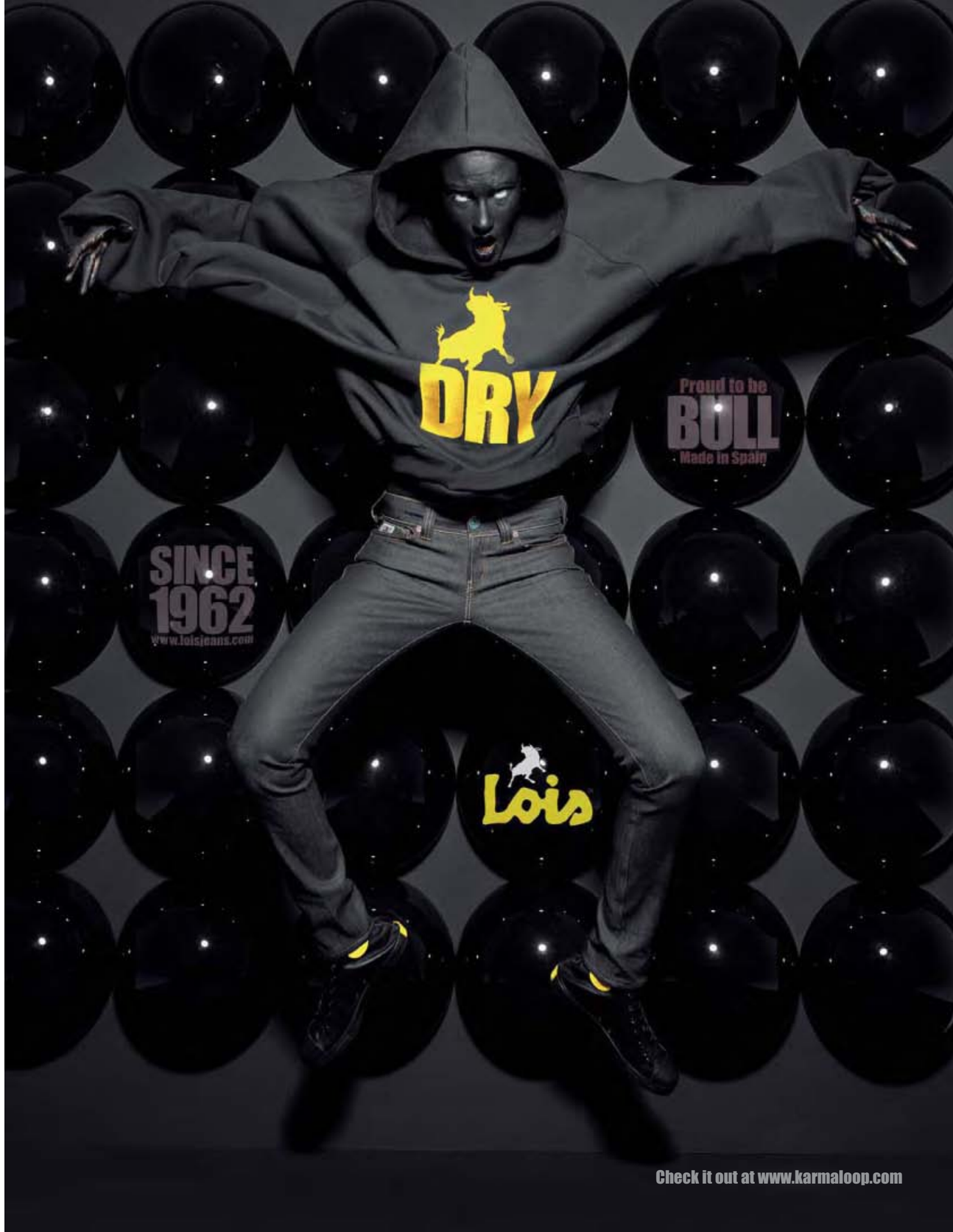
PFFR is the "band" that created *Wonder Showzen*. We remember when PFFR's CD came in the mail here a couple of years ago and we were like, "Meh. It's OK." But then they pulled this great, scary TV show out of their asses, and now we think they are pretty much geniuses. So guys, sorry we didn't freak out over PFFR a long time ago but music sucks. In this issue they showed a few child celebrities the apocalyptic nightmare that is the documentary film *Darwin's Nightmare*. Then they asked the young entertainers a) what they thought and b) what the fuck they do all day.

See KIDS FLICKS, *p. 90*

KRIS YENBAMROONG

We met Kris when he was assisting Richard Kern on a *Vice* fashion shoot a year or so ago. We asked him to send some pictures, and we liked them a lot. Then his photo from our group show was singled out by *Art Info*, and we were like, "Holy shit. Maybe he IS good." For this issue we sent Kris up to Saratoga to shoot a reading for children to which no children showed up. Rather than calling us like a baby and saying, "What do I do?" he went out into the streets, found a gang of kids, and convinced them to come to a bookstore with him. Then he drove around until midnight getting all of their parents to sign releases. Then he called us to tell the story. And who said the kids today don't know how to get the job done?

See VICE LECTURES FOR KIDS, *p. 94*



DIRTY BOMB

Vice,

Back in 1997 in Atlanta we had something of a gross jar in our backyard. It was sitting on the hood of an old car that had been parked very southern-style in the backyard and forgotten for about a year. We had been beating the shit out of that car as well as a motorcycle that had also been abandoned. The tools of choice were an old crowbar, a metal pipe, and a wooden baseball bat.

Despite the cheap rent we still had to fit two to a room. My friend and I shared a room (my room) until July, when it got too hot. On top of that he had gotten fleas from the neighborhood cats that hung around and I couldn't take staying with him, the fleas, and those fucking cats anymore, so I ended up mostly sleeping on the porch.

One night we decided to make a jar full of nasty shit. We pissed in it, added some soda, mustard, spit, I threw up a little bit into it, etc. Nothing too severe, just kid stuff.

Well, that fucker ended up living on that car for a while until the neighbors finally complained about the wretched things and had the city tow them away. We managed to put a black flag on a coat hanger and stick it in the car while the tow-truck started to drive away and also to get our now two-month-old jar back on the hood with four M-80s and a foot-long wick in it. Right as the car was passing the house we think called the city on us, they all went off, shattering the glass and spraying puke, piss, sperm, water, condiments, etc., about 20 feet in all directions, thus giving us a small yet savory amount of justice.

That whole section of the block stunk for a good while—all this shitty water baking in the hot southern sun. Also, no joke, there was a piece of glass lodged in our neighbor's front door.

KRIS RHODY
Via email

Jesus, can we not get some video next time? How could you do something like this and not document it?

DUBIOUS IN CHICAGO

Dear *Vice*,

I was a big fan of the Story Awards, but in "Gremlin from Dublin" it said, "A friend of a friend of theirs…" Um, wasn't there some big stink on the rules for the online story contest about no bullshit? This is basically just an Irish version of that joke where kids steal the Mexican kid thinking he's a yard gnome, although admittedly it does iron out most of the original's problems (I mean who's even seen a fucking yard gnome the size of a child).

Speaking of that contest though, wasn't the winning tale supposed to be featured in the actual issue? Were you guys just too depressed by what came in and put the kibosh on it? And if nothing came close to "winning" can we at least see a shortlist of all the awful first-time high stories and recycled garbage folks submitted, like with that DOs and DON'Ts contest last summer? Sorry to be a nag—my boss is out for the day and I've got a lot of sit-around time.

Best,
HANNAH KAIL
Chicago, IL

The story comes from that girl in the Morning After Girls but we can't tell you more than that as the guy is in litigation right now, promise. As for featuring the winners, that was always going to be on viceland.com and it is.

LET'S TALK ABOUT UGH

Hello,

I seen your magazine on *SexTV* and would like to start receiving copies if this is possible. I enjoy reading about all the sexual things that seem to be in your magazine. If this is possible please let me know. I live in Nova Scotia and would like to know what the cost of a subscription would be. Thank you and hope to hear from you soon on this matter.

WAYNE DAVIS
Kentville, NS

What is happening to the average IQ out there? It's almost like the ones with brains are the ones breeding the least. Oh wait, that's EXACTLY what's happening.

BEAR BAIT

Dear *Vice*,

I hope you aren't just planning on throwing the Gross Jar out when you're done. If you're stuck for options may I recommend the following: People in Germany sell and eat the contents of the Gross Jar all the time. I kid you not. They call it Baeckhoff.

Take care,
BAIJIE CURDT-CHRISTIANSEN
Via email

Actually the plan for the Gross Jar is to take it bear hunting this winter. Animals can't get enough of terrible smells.

WHERE'S THE BEAT?

Dear *Vice*,

What happened to all the tunes? You used to have at least a solid three band features in each issue (unless you go way back a few years to when the whole thing was basically just bands) but for the past five issues, dumbledy-sqaut. I appreciate that you've got a lot of other stuff to put in, but how am I supposed to find out about Joe Preston's nephew's electro ensemble or the band that's all chimps without you guys' help? Even when you do do bands these days, it's all old farts like Billy Bragg and Gary Wilson who just shit out another eight-song CD every couple of years to pay the bills and keep from calling their shows "reunion tours." Where's all the young guns like Excepter and fuggin' Tunnel of Love? Are you seriously going to leave us to the *Blender*s and *SPIN*s of this crummy planet?

DEREK FERGUSON
Peoria, IL

Sorry. More coverage coming soon. In the meantime go buy anything by Brightblack Morning Light, Against Me!, Pissed Jeans, and Fucked Up. The Vice UK guys are really into the Klaxons and the Horrors and everybody loves Rick Ross.
PS: You said do-do.

END OF DAYS

Dear *Vice*,

At the risk of sounding like a pussy, do you think we're headed for something like the end times, or at least *Waterworld*? It's not just the Israeli-Lebanese shit that'll probably soon involve Syria and fucking Iran and fucking us and a lot more firepower or the weird shit with the climate that no one's willing to take seriously because it's being championed by a democrat or the fucking terrifying diseases that no one's willing to take seriously because they're named cutesy things like Mad Cow and Bird Flu,

photo: Jens Andersson

Patti the Seagull and Weactivist
Amy Gunther, Stockholm.

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it's the fact that all this shit's happening at the same time and nothing is registering with the public at all. I mean at least in the tenser periods of cold war, the average schmuck interviewed on the local news seemed to have some cognizance of the heavy, heavy shit that could be going down at any moment and was a little freaked out. Now you ask anybody about the war or terrorism or the environment and they've all got their stock opinions, but somehow nobody seems to be scared shitless. Poverty keeps getting further and further entrenched and yet you don't get any sort of rumblings from the lower classes except over bullshit cultural things like gays and celebrities and even ephemeral garbage like TV and music is somehow worse than I can ever remember it. I mean, does this not seem like a recipe for absolute pandemonium? I don't know. I never got the heebie-jeebies around the millennium but I sure got them now. The other morning there was a big warehouse fire about a mile down the road from my house, so I got woken up by all the fire trucks blaring past and news copters flying over to cover it. Instead of just being like, "Oh, car wreck, or gas explosion, or whatever," and rolling back over, my first half-awake impulse was, "Oh, dirty bombs." But what felt really kind of wiggy was it's not like I got panicked and ran down to the basement or whatever, I was perfectly fine with the fact that to my understanding nuclear arms had just been detonated down my block and just went back to sleep. Almost relieved really, like, "Well, glad that's over with." When I finally got up for work and found out it was just a fire, it was like when you think you actually did sleep with that girl from the previous night but then realize it was just a dream—complete letdown. And it wasn't until I mentioned the whole thing to one of my coworkers and he gave me one of those trying-to-conceal-the-fact-I-think-you're-psychotic grins that I figured out there was something off with this whole casual death tripping. I've never been one for morbid or doomy tendencies, but all I can think about lately is the apocalypse as if it was some kind of fucking birthday party I can't wait for. Like it's going to rule when our entire infrastructure crumbles and we move into a scavenger economy.

Any of you guys been getting these feelings, or do you think this is just a warning I should probably start restricting my proximity to guns and sharp things pretty soon?

ANDREW HANSEN
Boston, MA

You sir have fallen for the "If it bleeds it leads" world philosophy. The truth may not sell newspapers but, for the record, things have never been better. Global warming is bull roar. Terrorism is no big whup. There's plenty of oil and so on. If you want to see apocalyptic just go back in history. It used to be HELL out there. Shit, even the aristocrats were covered in lice and sores.

Send correspondence to vice@viceland.com (include city and state/province) or to Vice Magazine, 97 North 10th Street, Suite 202, Brooklyn, NY 11211. Letters are edited for length.

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4. **Chromeo**
Needy Girl (Bloc Party remix)

5. **Justice**
Waters of Nazareth

6. **Suicide**
Ghost Rider

7. **Death From Above 1979**
Sexy Results (MSTRKRFT remix)

8. **Black Flag**
Drinking and Driving

9. **Minor Threat**
Filler

10. **Panthers**
Thanks for the Simulacra

11. **Poison Idea**
Taken By Surprise

12. **Death From Above 1979**
Blood On Our Hands (Chromeo remix)

13. **The Streets**
Prangin Out

14. **Final Fantasy**
This Is The Dream Of Win And Regine

15. **Silkworm**
Couldn't You Wait (Acoustic)

16. **Chromeo**
Rage

17. **Bloc Party**
Banquet

18. **The Stills**
In The Beginning

19. **David Bazan**
Fewer Broken Pieces

20. **Iggy and the Stooges**
Johanna

21. **Death From Above 1979**
Cold War

22. **The Haunted**
Bury Your Dead

23. **Bloc Party**
Luno (Bloc Party vs. Death From Above 1979)

24. **Cat Power**
Good Woman

25. **Boyd Rice**
Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder (With Tiffany Anders)

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MULTICUTURAL DOUGH

If you've ever seen a tanned kid crying during kindergarten, odds are it's because he is unable to perfectly match his skin tone to whatever piece of shit blob he happened to smush together that morning. If you've ever seen a tanned kid dry his eyes and start to laugh with excitement you probably work at one of the many grant-funded school programs for inner-city kids where they recently got about a hundred of these things.

HAPPY VIRUS

AIDS has been such a burden on the fag lifestyle that a lot of them are just bending over with exhaustion and saying, "Fuck it." Instead of running from the disease, they are barebacking it and embracing their fate. That's why we can't let them adopt kids. They will try to teach them AIDS is fun.

BABY FINGERING

Not since the Montreal hot-dog chain Steamies and the New York bag store Crumples has a name brought so many cringe-y douche chill bumps to so many legs and forearms [*shudder*].

ANTI BABY CONDOM

If you don't want the pharmacist to think you're a homo or poor or "inner-city" make it very clear you are not buying condoms to avoid STDs but are, in fact, "ONLY CONCERNED WITH BIRTH CONTROL!!!" (Yes, order it that loud.)

MENTAL CANDY

We were trying to buy a ceiling fan the other day and the salesman (who was dressed all in camouflage) started talking about stocking up on food and water because WWIII was coming in October and we had better get ready. We started to get really fucking scared but then we noticed these candies on his desk.

FRENCH CHIPS

While most of us have to trek out to the health food store to get exotic flavors like "Salt and Vinegar" (seriously, does anyone outside of Kettle Cooked and Miss Vickie's do salt and vinegar anymore?) French people can just wander into any truck stop and digest the most cum-inducing freedom chips since Kristin Cavallari's pube dandruff.

SILKWORM PUPA

Is there anything the Chinese don't eat? Jesus Christ. Why aren't they dominating *Fear Factor* the way nips dominate eating contests?

FLIP WILSON DOLL

This stuffed version of the 70s comedian and his female alter ego Geraldine is worth a lot to little kids that were adults 30 years ago, AKA nobody.

TIT PILLS

One of the worst things about puberty is watching everyone else's tits skyrocket past yours right into every boy's fantasy. If you want to have a huge chest before you're 13, try these suckers out. Of course if you do take them your tits will look like windsocks by the time you're 30 but nobody fucks 30-year-olds anyway. They're gross.

This month's winner: MULTICULTURAL DOUGH

Congratulations Laura Sporra over in Denver, Colorado! Now all you have to do is bomb the Croc factory out there and you're hired.

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HEY HEY HEY

Perv Hunters

Xavier von Erck is the founder of Perverted-Justice.com. They're those guys who put together the *Dateline* specials where they pretend to be 13-year-old girls online, invite old guys who proposition them on the internet over to their "mom's house," then sit back as anchorman Chris Hansen stops them cold in their pedophilic tracks, interviews them, then lets them walk out of the house to be tackled by a team of severely overequipped police officers. Critics accuse Hansen of entrapment and say he's "taking care" of the pedophilia problem the same way leaving unlocked Jaguars in the ghetto and jailing kids who steal them is "taking care" of the car theft problem. All we know is that it is the best, most compelling TV we have ever seen. Remember the guy who brought an apple pie, whipped cream, and lube? You can't write this shit!

Vice: How do you keep up with what all the kids be saying in they slanguage and whatnot?

Xavier: I just make up my own slang. Most kids have their own little words they come up with, so I try to come up with some original stuff—that way I don't sound stereotypical.

Do you have a whole retinue of different "kids" you use, or do you stick to one poor bastard who's constantly getting molested?

I try to stick to one personality, even if I talk to 50 different guys. Some of these guys are crafty enough to create a new name and talk to you from that one to see if you say anything different.

So you aren't just making it all up as you go along?

I plan everything out. If you're talking to four guys at the same time you've got to be automatic. You can't be thinking about it too long because you've got two other guys waiting for your response and then you seem a little weird. I have to decide what kind of music my kid likes, I have to know about that music, and I have to have the family situation nailed down. Recently, I've been playing a black child, so I had to come up with a backstory and remember everything about it consistently and coherently.

YOSEPH SANDERSON

Age of Consent—Smoking

18	16	16/18	16	16	18	18	20	18/19	18/19
Sweden: *There used to be no minimum age at which you could buy cigarettes and snus until about 10 years ago. It's really strict now.*	***Denmark:*** *The age limit was only established three years ago. Before that, any child could buy smokes.*	***Germany:*** *From 16 to 18 your parents have to give their permission (if you're buying cigs at the supermarket, the cash register woman can call your folks).*	***Netherlands:*** *To buy cigarettes from a machine you need to get an "age coin." Most places leave their age coins out in a jar on the bar for anyone to take.*	***Italy:*** *No one is ever asked their age and nobody enforces the penalties to shops who sell to underage people.*	***Australia:*** *Shops aren't too uptight about checking IDs and there are machines everywhere from which anyone can buy a pack.*	***New Zealand:*** *It's a real problem with Maori and Polynesians both young and old—they're the main target for antismoking campaigns.*	***Japan:*** *Japan is full of cigarette vending machines, so if you know how to count money and press buttons, you can easily buy a pack.*	***US:*** *18 or 19 to buy, but there are a lot of differences between states. You can be ticketed for possessing tobacco under 18 in Virginia, but in Georgia you can smoke at 14.*	***Canada:*** *In some provinces it's 19, but in most 18. Retailers can get in some pretty big shit with fines, so they're typically pretty strict about carding.*

Hey Doc, Where'd My Phobia Come From?

Jenny: My fear is of the process of giving birth. I'm not so much afraid of getting pregnant or the first eight or nine months, just giving birth. I started having nightmares about it when I was six and it's stayed with me ever since. I get really freaked out whenever I see pictures in magazines or on the television of women in labor. It's really impacted the type of guys I choose to be in a relationship with. I gravitate towards people I don't have any possibility of committing to. It's also hard for me to be in one place and accept a more traditional lifestyle. Since I'm afraid of having a family, I feel like I just don't want to be stable, and I have to be constantly traveling. I've moved all over the country.

Dr. Weinraub: The origins of this phobia are with her childhood and her parents in particular. She is the oldest of three, so she was around when her mother was pregnant two times. Whenever you're the oldest and another pregnancy occurs, you tend to lose the support and attention you've been given because everyone is focusing on the new baby. So when both of these pregnancies occurred, she lost the love and support that she had, which led to her eventually being afraid of giving birth. To compound that, she always felt that she was the black sheep of her family. Next!

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HEY HEY HEY

The Seed Of Albion

Our friend the singer Lisa Moorish has two children, one each fathered by British rock stars Liam Gallagher and Pete Doherty. How's that for a larf?

Molly and Astile live together with their mum in Camden, North London, where they spend their time drawing, arguing, and watching their favorite TV shows *Doctor Who* and *Scooby Doo*.

Recently, Pete bought Molly and Astile an easel in order to allow their latent artistic talents to flourish. Molly already has plans to become a famous artist and young Astile loves to paint abstract, psychedelic pictures of his favorite Power Rangers. We brought them a set of watercolors and asked them to make paintings of each other.

Photo by Sanna Charles

Vice: So... do you two get on together?
Molly: Sometimes. I'm eight and he's three. He only just turned three a couple of weeks ago.
Astile: I paint Power Rangers!
Molly: He hits me when I ask for a hug.

What do you like about painting?
Molly: It makes me feel happy. I like it when I've done a picture and I can show everybody.
Astile: I like to paint blue Power Rangers. I want to paint! I want to paint! I wanna paaaaaaint!

What else do you like doing apart from art?
Molly: I like cleaning and I like a lot of music. I like Arctic Monkeys and Madonna.

Wow, Astile, this picture's pretty abstract.
Molly: He wants to be one of the actors in *Doctor Who*.
Astile: Daddy wants to be in *Doctor Who*?
Lisa: He thinks his dad looks like *Doctor Who*.

Do you like Babyshambles?
Molly: Yeah I went to see them once and it was good.
Astile: Oooh yeaaaaaahhhhh! Heee haa!
Molly: Yeah.
Astile: Yeah.
Molly: Stop copying me.
Astile: Stop copying me.
Molly: It isn't funny any more.
Astile: It isn't funny any more.
Molly: It isn't.
Astile: Yes it is!
Molly: Oh shush, Astile!

So these pictures are pretty much done. Can you both please hold them up so we can see?
Astile: Noooooohh. Naahhh. Noooooh!
Lisa: Please hold the picture up. That's what Power Rangers do.
Astile: Nooo! Naaahaaah! Nooooo! Neeeyaaaah! Noooo.
Lisa: Astile, hold the picture up or you'll have to go to bed early.
Astile: OK!

ANTHONY CORPER

Age of Consent— Drinking

18/20	16	14/16/18	16/18	16	18	18	20	21	18/19
Sweden: *Until you're 20 you can only buy beer with less than 3.5 percent alcohol. Many restaurants won't serve guys under 23, because they tend to go nuts and puke.*	***Denmark:*** *Just put in effect. It used to be common for kids to be sent to buy beer or cigarettes for their folks, the rationale being "Why would a child smoke or get drunk?"*	***Germany:*** *At 14 you can drink wine or beer if your parents are with you. At 16 you can buy wine or beer, and at 18 you're allowed any alcohol you want.*	***Netherlands:*** *16 for wine and beer, 18 for liquor. These rules were only introduced two years ago and nobody gives a fuck about a 13-year-old buying alcohol.*	***Italy:*** *No one that we have ever met has ever been denied a drink or asked for proof of age.*	***Australia:*** *Most places check for ID but underage and binge-drinking is a bit of a problem.*	***New Zealand:*** *It was lowered from 20 a few years back, now there's all sorts of debate about kids being useless drinkers and in general a burden on society.*	***Japan:*** *Most teens drink. It's practically legal once you enter university, and you often see the professors getting drunk with the students and acting all crazy.*	***US:*** *It used to vary with each state, but in the 80s the Federal Government threatened to kill highway funding for any state that didn't raise it to 21.*	***Canada:*** *Quebec, Alberta, and Manitoba are the only places it's legal to drink at 18. This is why high school kids flock to Montreal on every break.*

Hey Doc, Where'd My Phobia Come From?

Dan: I have this fear of getting my throat cut with a knife while I'm in bed. I often have nightmares about it. Sometimes at night I freak out and have to sleep on my stomach or pull the covers up over my throat. Other times I can't sleep at all. It only happens at night because I know that I can't defend myself when I'm asleep.

Dr. Weinraub: It occurred to me to ask if he was ticklish and he said yes. The fear has to do with carrying around a lot of tension in his body. The neck area is sensitive and has very soft skin. The fact that the fear is localized there relates to vulnerability—a fear of opening himself up for attack, or of being overtaken by the world. He feels that he can't be himself around his family, can't talk about things that have real meaning. Early on he didn't have people who said, "It's OK, we're here for you no matter what." Another thing he mentioned was that it might have been because he saw a movie with throat slashing in it when he was young. Normally these kind of deep phobias don't just come from one movie, but it's possible at the point he saw it he was going through a difficult time with his family. That's why kids shouldn't watch scary movies. They already have a hard time distinguishing between fantasy and reality, and when they're in a fragile state the scary parts can be imprinted in serious fears.

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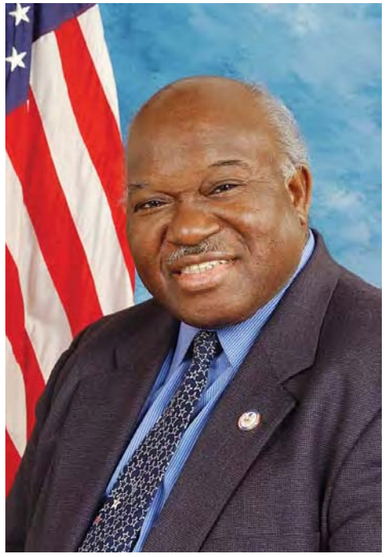


The Rappin' Rep

Most stodgy old congressmen don't have the first clue about dropping science, repping your hood, holding it down, or knowing the ledge. But South Brooklyn Representative Major Owens is as hip to the scene as any young backpacker, jotting down "rap poems" as they come to him at his desk and then using the House floor to throw out heavy rhymes like, "Old guys never really need / Too much green evil weed / It's a handout risk free / Social Security we guarantee."

Vice: How'd you get into rap, Congressman?
Major Owens: I'm a frustrated writer of poetry and fiction, and I was fascinated by how the rap guys were way more poetic than they were given credit for. I was impressed, so I tried to imitate it. People doodle out of frustration, and for me the only way to let out the anger is to doodle a rap poem.

Do you feel it helps you keep in touch with the younger, rapping members of your constituency?
I've had some contact with young rappers—they make fun of me and call my stuff "egghead rap." It doesn't really go over with the real rappers. Generally though they'll say, "We appreciate your effort," and they like the idea that I don't put rap down because of its subject matter.

You're cool with all the screwing and hustling?
Shakespeare talked a lot about sex too. Those guys are closer to Shakespeare than any other group of writers. Shakespeare was forceful.

You're retiring soon. Are you planning to do anything else with your golden years besides listen to a lot of rap?
I have a play in the works called *The Viagra Monologues*. Instead of focusing on women it will focus on men—probing the sexuality of men in an emotional way. There are sections about guys who can't get enough, men worrying about performance, size, having too much—like Wilt Chamberlain and his 20,000 women—all those things. Some people from the *New York Post* grabbed a few things from it and tried to make it seem like I was writing pornography. But it's all poetry.

BENTON HALL

Age of Consent—Fucking

15	15	14/18	16	14/16/18	16	15	18	12-18	14
Sweden: *If you're over 15 and do anything sexual with someone under (anything, not just fucking) it's legally considered rape, even if it was consensual.*	***Denmark:*** *Up until the 70s, only gays could get away with having sex with 15-year-olds. Straights had to be 18.*	***Germany:*** *From 14 to 18 it's legal to fuck unless the person fucking you is over 21 and is involved in your upbringing/education/work. Same rule for gays.*	***Netherlands:*** *The Party for the Love of One's Fellow Man, Freedom, and Diversity (AKA the Pedophile Party) is trying to bring it down to 12.*	***Italy:*** *If they're between 14 and 16 you risk being charged with "corruption of a minor." Between 16 and 18 you risk a smaller crime only enforced by prudish judges.*	***Australia:*** *Both people have to consent and be 16 or older and no anal.*	***New Zealand:*** *Anything under is stat rape. You don't hear much about people being arrested for it, maybe the occasional priest.*	***Japan:*** *There are tons of teenage girls selling sex in Japan and it's sort of seen as no big deal, but if you're caught, you're in for it big time.*	***US:*** *The law is different for almost every state. In Delaware it's fucking 12 (the person can't be more than four years older, but still).*	***Canada:*** *There's an exemption for folks within two years of each other. Unlike in the States, as long as it's consensual, statutory rape is almost never prosecuted.*

Hey Doc, Where'd My Phobia Come From?

Evan: Basically, I am HIV-phobic. Any sort of physical contact—not just sexual contact—makes me afraid. I can bring myself to have sex, but it's dependant on certain circumstances. The other person absolutely has to be tested for HIV prior to doing it and if I get caught up in the heat of the moment I have to ask them to get another test afterward. Dating is like navigating a minefield. I'm always worried I'm going to get blown up by an AIDS bomb.

Dr. Weinraub: He gets an enormous number of HIV tests and waiting for those results causes a great amount of anxiety and stress for him. When he was a child, his family wouldn't acknowledge sexuality in the household. The first time he heard about sex was in junior high, when the AIDS epidemic first started. He saw these horrible HIV-awareness posters that said that sex equals death, and this was the first lesson he learned about what was or wasn't a healthy way to be with your body. Another factor is that when he was potty trained, his mother put a great deal of emphasis on him going on command. She wanted him to hold it in until she told him to release it. He is looking for a sign of support—in those test results—before he can poop—or rather, before he can tell himself he's OK, and relax.

INTERVIEWS BY STEPHANIE FOO

NEW YORK KIDS

What I Did This Summer

Anthony Long, 17

Best thing about New York in the summer: "Chinatown is ours after dark."

Home: Queens

Parents are from: "I'm Black, Puerto Rican, Chinese, and Trinidadian."

Plans: "To become a chef and open my own restaurant. I go to school on 50th Street. It's a food-and-finance high school."

Johanna Heuvreaux, 18

Best thing about New York in the summer: "The resources—the people, and the places. This summer I'm working at the New York Public Library, so I meet a lot of people."

Home: The Bronx

Plans: "I'm going to NYU in the fall to study physics and engineering. I'm excited, but a little nervous."

Naeem Ahmed, 14

Best thing about New York in the summer: "My favorite thing is basketball. My least favorite thing is the sun."

Local wisdom: "If you're a kid you can get free drinks and Icees at the housing development on 11th Street between Avenue A and Avenue B."

Home: East Village, Manhattan

Parents are from: Bangladesh

Plans: "I'm starting high school this fall. It's cool."

Victoria Cronin-Bogdanovitch, 13

Best thing about New York in the summer: "I like being a girl in the city."

Local wisdom: "The best place to hang out is Williamsburg."

Ringtone: "Circle Circle Dot Dot" by Jamie Kennedy

Home: Upper East Side, Manhattan

Plans: "I'm going into the eighth grade. I don't want to stay in New York for college but I definitely want to come back after."

Christian Martinez, 13

Best thing about New York in the summer: "Being a kid, 'cause when you get older you can't do the same things."

Local wisdom: "Every night at sundown we play manhunt in the park. There are two teams with equal numbers of kids, maybe ten or more, and you run like crazy and try not to get tagged. It's a summertime game, 'cause we can't play on school nights."

Home: Lower East Side, Manhattan

Plans: "Workin 'til school starts. This summer I'm packing bags at C-Town. My uncle got me the job."

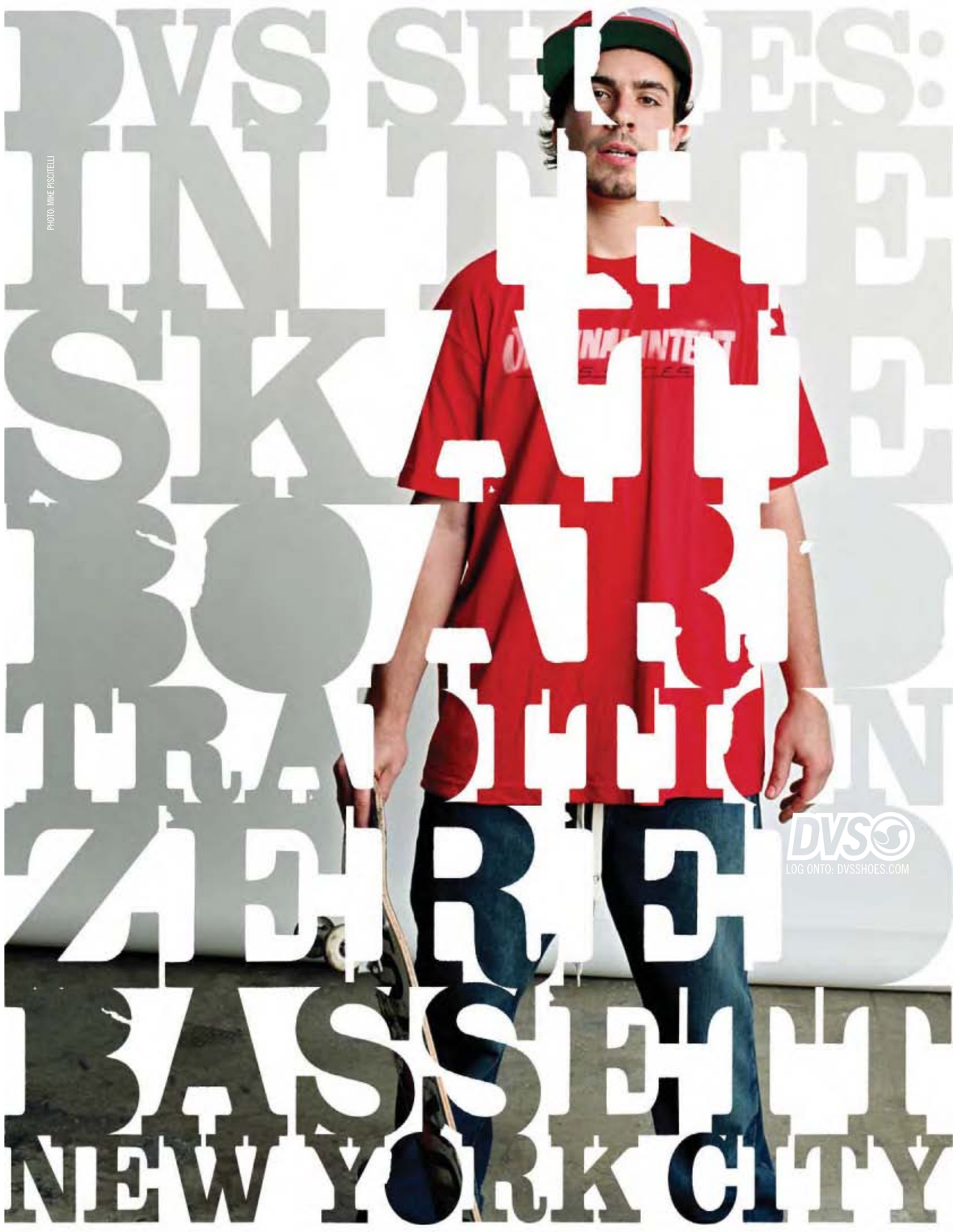
Michal Tegeler, 15

Best thing about New York in the summer: "We've gone to lots of barbecues and we saw the Fourth of July fireworks from this apartment on the 16th floor of a building. The windows were huge."

Local wisdom: "The guys in New York are a lot shorter and way more stylish. We've been asked out a couple of times, like right on the street. Some guys are like, 'Hey ladies,' and we're like, 'How old are you, 30?!'"

Home: San Angelo, Texas

Plans: "We did our nails at home but we want to have them redone. We also plan to see *Rent* and *Sweeney Todd*."



Jahrell Brown, 12

Best thing about New York in the summer: "I like riding my bike every day and going to the pool, but it can get kind of boring."

Home: East Village, Manhattan

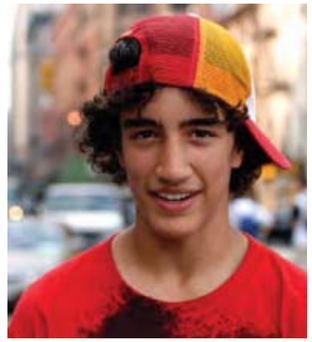
Plans: "I'm going to camp this summer."

Nicole Clemens, 15

Best thing about New York in the summer: "The shopping and the culture. You can be yourself and no one judges you."

Home: San Angelo, Texas

Plans: "I'm here, you know, to look at colleges. I'd love to go to college here."



Christian Rivera, 14

Best thing about New York in the summer: "Skateboarding at Union Square. I met a girl here once. It was mad random. I called her, but I never saw her again."

Ringtone: "I broke the phone skating. I didn't have a ringtone."

Home: The Bronx

Parents are from: The Bronx

Plans: "To keep skateboarding."

Yesenia "Tita" Espinal, 18

Best thing about New York in the summer: "All the options. You've got Coney Island, Six Flags, random cafes, clubs, lounges. And now that I'm 18 I don't have to run back and tell my mom everything."

Local wisdom: "We say you're 'talking to somebody' when there's something going on but it's not a relationship. When you're just talking. You don't have the same expectations or commitment. It's less serious."

Home: Fort Greene, Brooklyn

Parents are from: US and Malaysia

Plans: "To study advertising at City Tech in the fall."

Spencer Tullis, 15

Best thing about New York in the summer: "The atmosphere, the nightlife. My curfew during the summer is 12 AM but it's flexible."

Worst experience in New York: "Earlier this year a guy came up to me selling candy and when I opened my wallet he snatched all the money and ran."

Local wisdom: "People our age are thinking mostly about what they want to do as a career and about finding a companion."

Home: Tribeca, Manhattan

Parents are from: "My dad is a black Native American and my mom is European."

Plans: "I'd like to compose my own music, you know, as a career. I play the guitar and I am moving from acoustic to rock."

What day of the week is it: "Ummm…I don't know."

Chris Velez, 15

Best thing about New York in the summer: "Everyone knows each other around here. I grew up watching the old-school guys play basketball here. Now I play with them. I was captain of the varsity team at my school when I was a freshman."

Local wisdom: "Don't hang out too much."

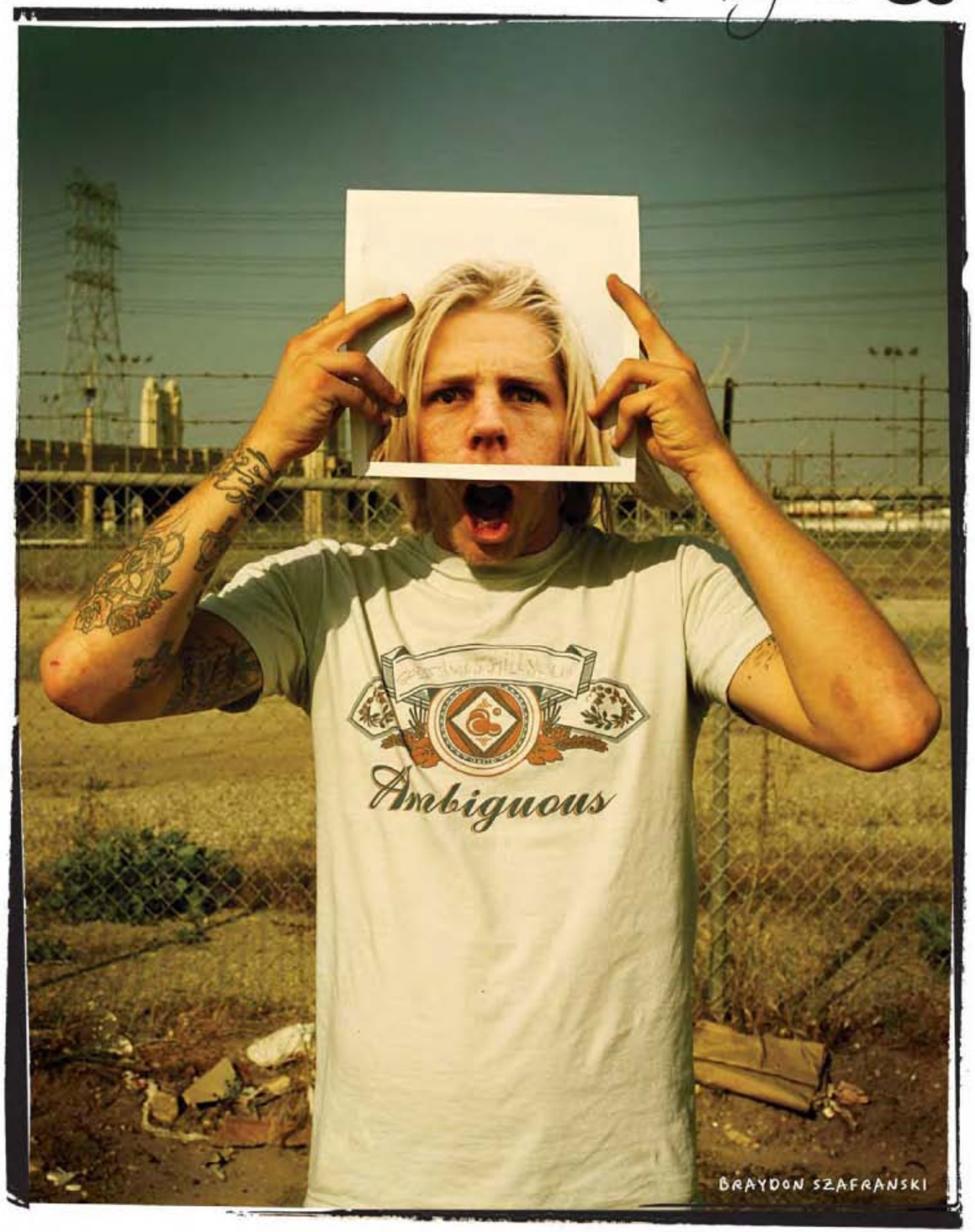
Home: East Village, Manhattan

Parents are from: Puerto Rico and Colombia

Plans: "I'll probably go to boarding school next year to play basketball. I'm aiming to go pro."

PHOTOS BY OLIVIER LALIN
INTERVIEWS BY ANNIE CORREAL

Ambiguous



ROBOTRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

The Highs of Yesteryear

SUFFOCATING YOURSELF TO GET HIGH IS A GOOD time when you're 12, but that's just because you have no drug points of reference against which to compare the quality of "feeling floaty." Do the age-old kid highs hold a candle to the things that we lucky adults get to do whenever we like? Savory and wonderful things like heroin, meth, coke, and PCP?

We wanted to find out, so we got a 30- and a 34-year-old (man, that's ancient!) with substantial post-pubescent drug experiences to do whippets, speed-dreaming (that's the thing where you hyperventilate then someone presses on your chest and you pass out for a couple seconds but it feels like hours), and chug a bottle of cough syrup.

In order to keep it scientific, we made sure one of them (the guy) had tried all three things in his tender years and the girl had tried none at all.

Speed-dreaming

Andrew: After two full minutes of Lamaze-style huffing, Andrew stood against a wall, Alethea laid into him with all her weight, and… nothing. We switched to 30 seconds of breathing and shifted the pressure point to the sides of the neck and suddenly we were in business. Andrew's head started bobbing, his eyelids drooped into a squint, and, most promising of all, he muttered "Blaaaacking-ouuuut," right before slowly tipping forward like a felled tree.

Verdict: "I started clouding over but didn't quite get all the way there. Kind of lame."

Alethea: We tried each technique twice with absolutely no alteration to her state. It didn't even make her uncomfortable. And you better believe, we choked this bitch good. A short headscratch later it occurred to us that in our collective experience we didn't know of a single girl who'd ever gone successfully under. This discovery was backed up by some extensive bar research and has led us to the hypothesis that God doesn't want girls to enjoy speed-dreaming.

Verdict: A bust.

Whippets

Each subject was given two cans of whipped cream and was allowed to do their huffs simultaneously. They were instructed to keep going until there was no more precious nitrous to suck out of the can.

Alethea: After the first can, she bought a one-way ticket to giggleland. The laughing fit lasted a good 15 seconds, followed by a frenzied scramble in search of leftover nitrous.

Verdict: "Good times. I got the jones pretty bad there for a second."

Andrew: He made it through both of his cans before also collapsing in hysterics.

Verdict: "I was pretty stoned there for a bit. It didn't last nearly as long as when I did it as a kid though."

Robotripping

In an unbroken chug, each subject drank a four-ounce bottle of maximum-strength tussin (roughly 400mg of Dextropomorphan), then sat down and let it take effect. At the 30-minute mark we moved to a nearby bar, at which point Alethea reported the feeling as similar to "having drank one beer, done one line of coke, then smoked a lot of weed." Andrew likened it to "bad shrooms."

Alethea: At the end of hour one, Alethea went to the bathroom to take a shit. After 15 minutes, we sent two friends in to check on her. "It was like being in the shit lodge," she reported upon exiting, "Totally cut off from the world outside the stall in an almost spiritual sense. I was pretty happy when my friends showed up to check on me." At the three-and-a-half-hour mark, Alethea returned to the bathroom to barf: "Where shitting was like a spiritual experience, puking my guts out just made me feel like the lowest of the low."

Verdict: "This doesn't compare to any other drugs for me."

Andrew: At hour two, Andrew went to the bathroom. His shit-lodge experience was nowhere near as intense as Alethea's. He reported feeling spaced-out and nauseous in alternating waves. At hour four we went to an apartment party where neither subject knew the host. There was limited interaction between them and the other guests, except for a brief two-person reenactment of the Wampa scene from *The Empire Strikes Back* with the host's *Star Wars* figures.

Verdict: "It definitely doesn't beat adult drugs, but I'm still kind of surprised kids can just buy this over the counter."

VICE STAFF

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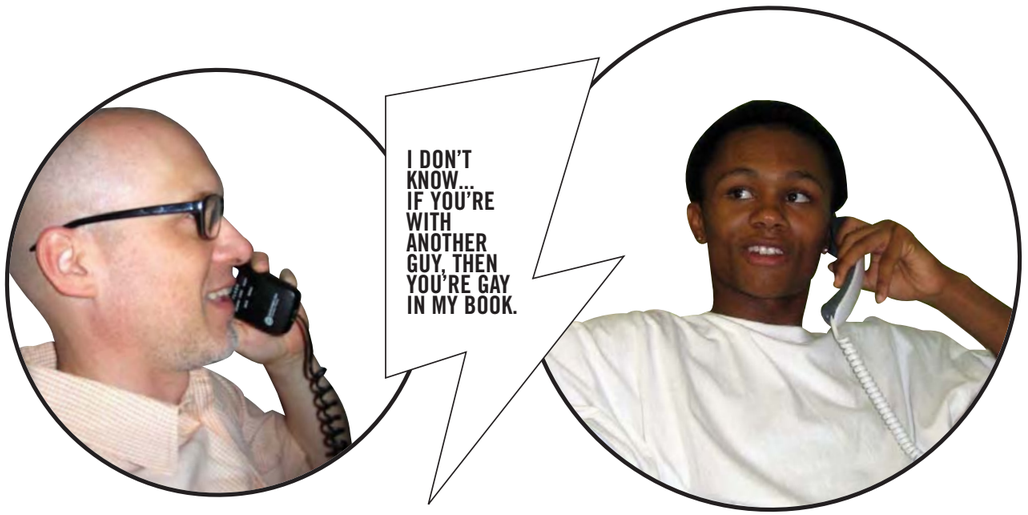

GAYS, STRAIGHT-UP!

An Elder Statesgay and a Newly-Out Young Man Talk Shop…

Billy: Can you tell me a little about yourself?
Octavius: I'm 14 and I'm going into the ninth grade. I have a brother who's older. I'm adopted.

What does the term "gay" mean to you?
Being with a person of the same sex.

Do you think someone could be with a person of the same sex and not be gay?
I guess if a person really loved another person.

What about guys in prison—or maybe you've heard about some of the things that go on during military conflicts and situations like that?
Yeah, you know what? I don't know. If you're with another guy, then you're gay in my book.

A lot of people think that homo boys act a certain way—like they just giggle all the time.
Gay kids are cheerful and nice. They don't mean no harm. And straight guys… I guess they have so much anger in 'em, and they try to take it out on the gay kids.

Maybe homos are better at being smart and straights are better at beating people up?
I believe they're equally violent, but with the gay boys it's more of a catty type of thing.

Do the kids at school know your story?
They probably don't know, or just don't notice me. Some of the kids I hang around with could be thinkin' something. They might think that I'm just waitin' for the right girl. It really don't matter what they think.

But do some boys pick on kids that everybody knows are queer at your school?
Yes sir.

What's your take on the "down low" thing? Are a lot of these thuggy guys into some gay stuff on the side?
I believe some of them are. You can't never tell with them, unless you try.

Yep, you never know. Have you ever heard of metrosexuals?
Yes sir, I have. It's like when a straight guy has feminine tendencies and dresses sort of gay.

Is there anybody at your school like that?
There is this one boy…

Do normal boys say things to him, too?
I've heard him get called faggot and picked on in different ways.

Are a lot of kids around you into drugs?
Yes. I think drugs are bad because you can use up your life with them. I see kids drinking, smokin' weed, doing ecstasy, buying that coke, and getting into gang violence. I believe that you could be doing something better with your life than getting high all the time.

What do you think you want to do when you're older?
Go to college and probably get into either choreography or dermatology. I love to dance, and I also have a lot of problems with my complexion and would like to learn more about that.

I had super-bad acne as a teenager, but after going to a dermatologist it got better.
I hope that happens to me too.

INTERVIEW BY BILLY MILLER

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COMING OUT IS A BITCH!

An Elder Statesdyke and a Newly-Out Lesbian Talk Shop…

Pamela: I came out when I was 16, and I'm around 45 now. You just came out, right? How'd that go?
Amanda: I'm 13. At first I felt like everybody was abandoning me and everything. My best friend's family had kind of taken me in. But when I came out they kind of just left me, and now they completely hate me. I have nobody to talk to. Three of my best friends left me and I only have one of my girlfriends left.

So you're feeling a little rejected by everybody.
Yeah. In the first two weeks after I came out, my grades dropped like three letter-grades because I didn't do any work. I was too depressed.

I was like the only one in my grade who came out for the whole year. And then after I did, more people started coming out a little bit.

How did that make you feel?
Ugh. I don't know. But I totally lost movement in my feet because of the stress that I was going through.

No you didn't!
I couldn't move them at all. It was weird. I went to the doctor about it and she said it's just from the stress. I'm stressed a lot. You know, I took a lot of crap from people at school.

Do you have teachers there you can talk to?
Not really. Me, another girl in my grade, and a senior went to have a meeting with this group Queers and Allies with some teachers, because not all the teachers are accepting of us. Being gay used to be almost like against the rules.

I advise you to be cautious, especially with teachers. Take the road slowly, because you're opening up a door and a lot of things are gonna fly in. You're at a young age, and you can't handle all those things by yourself.
I've been living the lifestyle for a long time. It's just that now I wanted to finally come out.

What made you want to do that? What made you just say, "Hello, I'm a lesbian."
I was tired of lying to people about who I was all the time. People just ask all these questions, you know? Like, "Who do you like? Who do you like?" Nobody—I don't like anybody, you know? They were bugging me so much I just made up liking a guy. And then my friend got mad at me because it was the same guy she liked.

Oh, for God's sake.
Yeah. So I was like, "I'm gonna cut the crap and just tell everybody."

I remember when I first decided to come out. I told my older sister, and she was great. First thing she told me was, "I already know. And as long as you don't hurt anybody and nobody hurts you, I'm OK with it." But my middle sister never really wanted to talk about it.
I've been there.

Because, you know, most of the time when people think about us they think about sex. And that's just not what it's all about. Your family's gonna get to know that, too.
If somebody has a problem with me and if they're harassing me and stuff, I'm gonna harass them back. Because me and my best friend have been in Tae Kwon Do for years, and a lot of people just start trying, like Jason McClane—oh my God I hate him. He'll punch us and once, just on reflexes, I punched him back but really hard. And it was like, so bad.

Good for you!

INTERVIEW BY PAMELA HALEY

HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL

Kids' Cliques Then and Now

AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR, SOMEONE LIKE *TIME* OR *NEWSWEEK* does a feature about, "What's up with teenagers, anyway?" They always wind up asking kids a load of horseshit questions like, "Do you think you have enough free time?" or "Are you worried about college?" They never get to the stuff that matters like, "What are punks wearing these days?" or "What happened to all the metalheads?" or "Who's zoomin' who?"

We were sick of this media blackout, so we went out to *Vice* contributor Chris Nieratko's store, NJskateshop, to ask some local kids what the current high school scene is like. Then we asked some kids who started school ten years ago to tell us what the deal was when they were in high school in the same area (northern New Jersey). Then we went even further and asked a few ancient dudes (30 and 31 years old) to tell us what it was like back in the Paleolithic era. Basically, this is cultural anthropology but about stuff that we give a shit about.

Let's start with the old and work up to the new...

DRAWINGS BY MILANO CHOW

1989-1993

Guidos:
Both guy and girl guidos (guidas?) wore almost nothing but Z. Cavaricci button-up shirts and pants (those ones that bunch down into the crotch like it's a black hole). Sometimes the ladies would mix it up with a tasteful-by-comparison Benetton combo. Both genders used an obscene amount of product in their hair, though to opposite effect: The guys gelled theirs into slick, impenetrable black helmets while the gals sprayed theirs out as high and wide as it would go, framing in their excessive makeup. All guidos adorned their exposed cleavage with gold cross necklaces, and they always had shoes on that were way too fancy to wear to school—usually leather loafer-type things with shiny buckles for the guys, heels for the ladies. The guys all drove suped-up Trans Ams from which they would blast the early favorites of the 90s mainstream house scene (LaBouche, Snap, and C+C Music Factory).

The girls mostly caught rides from the dudes. A lot of the guys were juicing to aid their body-building, and made a little extra car-money by selling off their excess 'roids to the jocks. Along with some of the football players and the burnouts, the guido guys were the only honest-to-god tough kids at school, though most of the fights they'd get into were with each other. Unless you've been avoiding TV for the past 20 years, you should already have some idea of how relentlessly yappy the girls were.

Punks and Hardcore Kids:
The kids into punk and those into hardcore were definitely distinct elements, but because there were so few of each they were all generally buds and hung out together. Also, because the suburbs were still really tame back then and just wearing a bunch of buttons was enough to be considered "weird," both crews' looks were very subdued. Typically, just jeans and a band shirt, then a pair Vans or Docs, were enough to make you a punk alternateen. Nobody gave a shit about either the skinhead thing with the Docs or any sort of "skate cred" with the Vans like in some other places. They were just fucking shoes. The kids who were more into skateboarding would wear looser clothes and shoes like Vision Streetwear or Skate Rags and Ghetto Wear.

The chief differences within the big group were that the hardcore kids were generally into NY guys like Agnostic Front, Youth of Today, and the Cro-Mags, and they shaved their heads. The punks pretty unanimously rocked a haircut we called "the Surge" (hair trimmed down really short except for one swooping bang across the eye) and were big on classics like the Exploited, the Misfits, and Dead Kennedys. DRI was also really huge with the punks (people were always doing that stupid fucking dance from the logo). Roughly 99 percent of the punks and HC kids were straight-edge, so "party-time" generally consisted of going to shows, playing shows, or sitting around at the Chicken Holiday where there was a curb to skate. (Though that's not to say they wouldn't show up at parties thrown at the local clay pits.) These kids would every so often borrow the parental car, but their transportation was mostly limited to skating, bikes, and walking.

Theater Crew:
For some reason during this period, drama club was a haven for latterday Deadheads and early 90s hippie revivalists. Maybe it was something to do with herd mentality or a collective response to acid experimentation, but everybody who got involved with theater ended up in tie-dyed Doors shirts and torn-up jeans or those loose hippie dresses, smoking weed out behind the aforementioned Chicken Holiday.

Goths:
There was a tiny goth contingency, almost entirely female, who were buds with a lot of the punk kids. Bauhaus and its assorted offshoots were still their big musical guys, though there was also a lot of support for folks like Nitzer Ebb and *Pretty Hate Machine*-era NIN. Both girls and guys shied away from ostentatious deathrock-y stuff and just wore really long and blousy black shirts and dresses, the bare minimum of makeup, and long and tangly dyed black hair. They also often did this haircut where they would make a tight ponytail and then shave everything below it in the back. The general vibe could be pretty well summed up as "witchy." There was a fair amount of crossover between them and the theater kids, which was probably either the result of or paved the way for their occasional dabbling in acid.

Early Hip-Hop Kids:
There were maybe three or four of these guys in the whole school. They were really into stuff like Gangstarr and some of the Native Tongues groups like Leaders of the New School, and wore Starter hats and jackets and K-Swiss sneaks. It was that real clean look right before gangsta rap blew up everywhere. They kind of kept to themselves and didn't even really show up at parties.

Popular Kids:
Z. Caravacci held sway over a good deal of these guys' style too, though not quite with the stranglehold intensity it exercised over the guidos. The popular kids were like a toned-down, more wholesome version of the guidos. The girls all feathered out their hair instead of spraying it and wore sort of mall-ratty makeup. There was a split in the guys between short spiky hair and slightly longer feathered bangs. One huge thing with the girls was wearing a kind of baggy sweatshirt over a turtleneck, then rolling up the cuffs of their jeans and pulling two pairs of matching socks (which also matched the turtleneck) over each leg. The guys would just wear the rolled-up cuffs plain. The shoe of choice with the popular crowd was white Reebok high-tops. There was a lot of crossover between populars and the jocks, and they'd typically attend all the same parties at whomever's folks were out of town for the weekend. All of them drove Volkswagens.

Jocks:
For all the importance placed on football, you'd have thought we were going to school in mid-50s Texas. A little bit of Z. Cavaricci would sneak into the mix when jocks were feeling classy, but for the most part they dressed in t-shirts, jeans, and their varsity jackets. They kept their hair short and in gelled spikes and acted like they owned the place. They got up to more shit than the popular kids, who had to worry about not pissing off their parents to keep up their financial support, but weren't quite as tough or balls-out as the guidos, presumably because they didn't want to fuck up their place on the team.

The jocks were also generally more working-class than the straight-up popular kids, so instead of a brand-new Jetta they'd usually drive some parental hand-me-down like an old Buick or their father's Oldsmobile. Also for some reason, every time they hosted a party you were guaranteed to hear most, if not all, of the Eagles' *Greatest Hits*.

Burnouts:
Mainly longhaired dudes in tight jeans and denim jackets. The other key components of their outfits were ratty Reeboks or work boots and a hair metal shirt, typically either Def Leppard or Bon Jovi. There was a subsection of burnouts who were into heavier shit like Slayer and Sepultura, as established by their shirts, and were a little more sullen and intense-seeming than the rest of their ilk. A lot of the burnouts were walkers, but those who had wheels either had old 70s muscle cars they tooled up in auto class (where they could smoke) or trucks with huge fucking tires they'd take out mudding in the woods. They were easily responsible for the bulk of the school's weed, acid, and pills consumption.

Nerds/Dorks:
If the popular kids' style was just a toned-down take on the guidos', these guys were the next step down the restraint chain. They stuck with plain jeans and button-ups or sweatshirts and Reeboks with the tongue sticking out over unrolled cuffs. Because it was kind of a small school, there wasn't that much shit being dished out to these guys from the popular kids and the jocks, and a lot of them would make stalwart showings at bigger house and pit parties.

STEVE LENARDO, SAYREVILLE NEW JERSEY HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1992

1996-2000

Jocks and Cheerleaders:
The de facto heads of the school. The guys who were on the team took football really seriously, but nobody else gave a shit. About half the guys and girls in this group weren't really involved sports, and could better be described as something like "friends of jocks."

This was at the height of that baggy, vibrant preppy thing's popularity with white kids, so the guys were all decked out in Hilfiger cargo jeans and big Nautica polos and jackets, while the girls wore CK or DKNY shirts under a pair of overalls or those flared black stretchpants with a Wet Seal blouse and jellies. On weekends they'd head to the house of whomever's parents were out of town to binge drink. The biggest cars with them were Celicas and Accords—you could tell the gender of the driver from a distance by the presence or absence of a spoiler. The slightly timid girls would often go more in the direction of "cute" with one of those then-new VW Bugs or Jettas.

Hair was always pretty basic: The girls folded theirs back into an alligator clip, while the guys ran one dollop of gel straight up the front and left the rest untouched, making it look like they were wearing an invisible visor.

Guidos:
At this stage in guido evolution, the guys wore wife-beaters with really thin ribbing, multiple gold chains, and Paco jeans or shorts. The girls were big proponents of the scrunchie, using it to cinch their dyed-platinum hair into so tight a ponytail that they had the constant appearance of mild surprise. They generally wore something along the lines of a bright pink scoop-necked FCUK shirt with black Blue Asphalt stretch flares, though it bears mention that breakaway track pants were a pretty big guido unisex option. By the time they were old enough to get a license every one of them had at least one eyebrow ring. Also, sometime between the early and mid-90s the Trans Am was fully replaced by the Honda Civic as the tricked-out guidomobile de rigueur.

South American Immigrants:
Not sure what caused the glut of these guys at this time, but they easily outnumbered the Asian and Indian kids you'd expect to dominate the immigrant scene. Learning English wasn't too big a priority for most of them. They seemed to know only the bare minimum to avoid being kicked off the soccer team.

For all their fervor in trying to imitate American hip-hop culture, none of them seemed concerned with nailing down the details. The result was a hodgepodge of slight missteps, like shorts with not one NBA team's logo but all of them, and hair gelled straight up, which ran straight down into a sloppy fade. The girls may have been similarly cribbing the black girls' disgust with their classmates, but nobody could ever be sure since they would not speak to anyone except for each other.

Hip-Hop Kids:
In tribute to Bone Thugs-n-Harmony and Latrell Sprewell, everybody on the basketball team had cornrows that hung stiffly off the back of their heads like braided pipe-cleaners. Another big thing with the ballers was tattoos, mostly consisting of a boastful word or phrase in gothic typeface and often misspelled (one particularly huge dude named Arsernie had a piece on his arm reading "Un-Stopable" that no one ever called him on). If not really buds with the football jocks, the black guys at least were chill with the rest of the kids in school, whereas the girls absolutely hated the white kids they were surrounded by and made their feelings expressly known very, very often. Because the regular cheerleading squad didn't cater to their more boisterous and rhythmic style of spirit, they had a separate group called "Drill Squad," which was way more accomplished than any of the other athletic programs at the school.

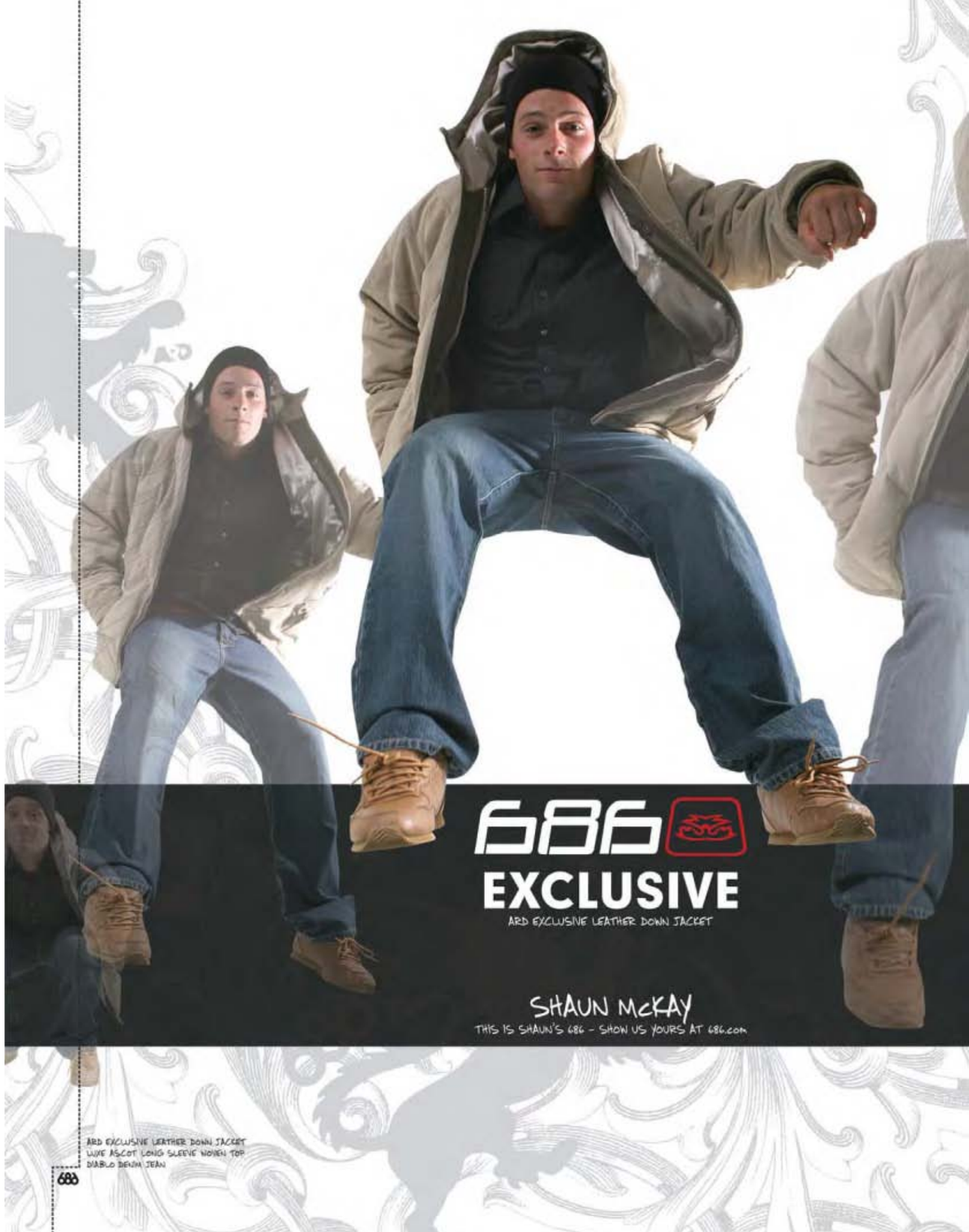
The basic guy outfit consisted of some manor of outsized denim pants, a replica jersey of their fave player (meaning those really expensive authentic ones with the lettering stitched in and all the official patches, no ratty bootlegs), and a weekly rotation of brand-new Nikes. The girl version was basically the same clothing but extremely tight instead of billowing and with logo tees subbed in for the jerseys.

It was not uncommon to see them hanging around the school parking lot in velour jumpsuits *hours* after classes had finished.

Neohippies:
The Dave Matthews crowd. These guys were all old buds from Jewish summer camp and would typically hang out in the backyards of the condo buildings their parents lived in, smoking copious amounts of weed and talking about how there was no more acid around anymore. Maybe sublimating their parents' aspirations for them, they rocked kind of a pre-collegiate vibe: Light beer at all the parties, ultimate Frisbee in the park, visors, flip-flops, and khaki shorts year round. The girls they mixed with were generally more low-key about their pot intake and into the tail end of the jam-band spectrum, like Guster and MOE.

Skaters / Alternateens:
The advent of grunge, coupled with skating's rise to mainstream glory, made it acceptable for the type of dudes who earlier might have been burnouts to fraternize with the popular scene—or at least try to fuck their girls. These guys preserved the weed-smoking and long hair of their forerunners—parted buttwise straight down the center—but drifted away from torn-up denim toward bowling shirts and Pac Sun-style skatewear with Etnies or DCs shoes. Thankfully by this time pants were deflating down to more sensible volumes. The majority of these kids were jamming out to middle-of-the-road third-wave ska like Goldfinger and the Suicide Machines.

Punks and Hardcore Kids:
During this era, the punks and hardcore kids pretty much had their own separate scenes with the most prominent divider being that where the hardcore kids were all straight-edge, a lot of the punks would be completely drunk by third period at school. The clothing breakdown between the two was pretty drastic too. The punks shot for a classic look, with leather jackets fucking bedazzled by safety pins and patches on top of Dickies work pants and chucks or docs. The hardcore kids kept to baggy khakis, slightly oversized band shirts, and skate shoes (although there was one piece of flair I have no clue where the hardcore kids picked up—the cut off sleeve of a t-shirt stretched out and worn as a headband).



Since outside of playing and going to shows the only thing left for them to do was eat, the hardcore kids usually hung out at diners while the punks typically congregated in the back corner of the Dunkin' Donuts, safely tucked away from all the jocks and guidos prowling the parking lot.

Overweight Alternagirls:
In the same way that the skaters latched on to the cheerleaders in hopes of scoring, these pudgies followed the skaters around like pilot fish, laboring under the delusion that they'd eventually grow tired of conventional beauty and get really into girls who complain about their fathers. Their cone-like appearance didn't do much for their chances either: Short Manic-Panic'd hair perched atop a head slightly too skinny for the rest of their body, hovering above layer after layer of aluminum bead bracelets and wooden chokers hanging over pliant, doughy breasts resting on an ill-concealed mound of belly fat, and finally fanning out into enormous pants that soaked up so much puddle-water when it rained, the damp spot would sometimes make it to the bottom of the pockets.

Student Government & National Honor Society:
This is where nearly all the school's Asians were situated. They took a liberal amount of shit from the jocks (though nowhere near the level dished out to the sweatpants and goths), but between all the extracurriculars and college prep and whatnot, it probably didn't register. The guys bore all the classic indicators of devotion to schoolwork and little to no social training: Poofy hair peppered with dandruff, visible eye crust, and necks in need of shaving. They typically wore shirts from Old Navy or whatever school orgs they were involved with over regular jeans and running shoes. The girls were similarly plain and wore basically the same shit, though were far better about hygiene and grooming—save for the odd downy sideburn.

Sweatpants:
Marching band mostly drew its participants from this pool of saddies, though some of them managed to spread out into the math scene a little bit. Their social development had been permanently arrested at age 11. Their hair was always dirty and messed-up, none of the guys seemed to know how to shave, and they'd wear those shirts that have the front of Bugs Bunny or whoever in a backwards cap and overalls on the front and then his back on the back. The only kids who were a bigger bum-out were the "special needs" students, and at least they were kept in their own wing most of the day and away from everyone's merciless ridicule.

Goths:
By this time, all the goths were in full-on spooky kid/rave mode, which was actually a little impressive. Hot Topic hadn't hit the local malls quite yet, so all those red pleather bustiers and UFO pants and bondage crap probably took a fair amount of scrounging at some sketchy and out-of-the-way locales to come by. All of them wore kind of tatty, poor-fitting trenchcoats, which caused about three seconds of concern after Columbine. In evidence of their complete obliviousness of being at the absolute ass-end of the pecking order, most did their hair into huge neon red and blue anime swoops then strutted into school with this asshole beacon bobbing on top of their head. A few exhibited a modicum of humility and just went with growing their hair really long on top then shaving up the sides.

RYAN DUFFY, WEST ORANGE NEW JERSEY HIGH SCHOOL, CLASS OF 2000

2006

Jocks:
Football and baseball are the big sports still, even though everyone realizes our football team is a joke. Wrestling was big my freshman year, but after that it kind of died out. The jocks will do that thing where they act all tough and try to push people around in the hallways and outside of school, but then the second a teacher or someone's around they're like the biggest suck-ups. In any case they never get into fights, it's all just acting. A big part of it is they don't want to get in trouble with their parents 'cause they'll stop giving them money or take away the Jeep they gave them when they turned 16. They all tend to wear sports shirts and Abercrombie gear and listen to really established white-kid rap like Biggie and Tupac and Dipset.

Preps:
These are mostly the girls who hang out with the jocks, though there are some dudes mixed in who just aren't that into sports. Abercrombie and Fitch is based out of our town and they all work at their stores, so that's seriously the only thing they'll wear. The prep guys do the same pretend-tough-then-suckup-to-the-teachers thing as the jocks, and the girls just pretty much suck up all the time. Each of them gets a new car from their folks as soon as they're old enough to drive, usually either a Mazda 6 or a Celica. All the girls wear a ton of makeup. Even though it's generally the kind that's supposed to be "natural looking," they slather on so much of it you can see it in this thick layer coming off their face. There are a few who go all out and wear blue eyeshadow and all that.

All the preps listen to is mainstream rap, and they're constantly trying to impress the thug kids, but the thugs don't give a shit. While the jocks smoke a good amount of weed, the preps are mostly just drinkers. Everybody hangs out at each other's houses because the cops have become really uptight about giving out $80 tickets for loitering. Even in the park across from my school, if you're not out of there 30 minutes after classes are over, POW!—ticket.

Thugs:
Everybody in the area is pretty rich, or at least upper-middle-class, except for this one little part of town that's sketchy. All the thug kids come from here and they are all constantly in trouble for dealing weed and coke and beating up other kids. I would say that the only reason half the guys even show up to school is because it's their selling territory. All the different groups buy weed off them, but they're the only ones who really do coke. There was a weird period for a few months a year ago when all the jocks got really into blow and were buying it off them, but that kind of died away. There's a pretty good deal of gang activity that's been getting bigger recently, so they usually wear either blue or red tees and a fitted cap or a bandana with Ecko pants. They keep their clothes really neat, and seriously come in with a fresh pair of sneakers every week. They will only wear Nikes. The girls wear the same clothing as the guys, just really short and tight, with their thong sticking out in the back. Sometimes a few of the less nerdy Asian kids will go through a phase where they try to buddy up to them and act tough, but that rarely lasts and I'm not sure the thugs even notice.

Dumb Kids:
Almost anytime there's a fight it's between some of these guys. They all dress really plainly, just like t-shirts and jeans, and are all into Zeppelin and Floyd. The girls are typically just kind of losers who hang out in groups and go to the mall or the movies together or whatever. The dumb kids and the skaters tend to rag on the freak kids a pretty good deal though.

Skaters:
The skaters dress pretty regular these days, just like plain or band shirts, jeans or pants, and whatever skate shoes they're into. Everybody wears their hair pretty long, but not parted, and is into stuff like Evergeen Terrace and Comeback Kid. There's a small group of kids who are strictly into hardcore, and they usually dress in skate clothes and keep their hair a little shorter. There are only three straight-edge kids in the whole school. Skaters all pretty much just go to shows and the local skatepark, and every so often hang out at the mall. Occasionally they'll get with preppy girls who think they're cute. Ever since that Mark Ecko video game came out, a bunch of the younger ones are going nuts with the graffiti.

Punks:
There are only a few punks and they kind of fade into the goth kids. They all get their shit at Hot Topic and are only into "classic" bands like Dead Kennedys. The whole thing is really fake and contrived. They'll dye their greasy hair blue or green then go hang out at the mall to try to wig people out.

Asians/Indians:
These guys make up nearly 40 percent of my school and all their parents are fucking rich. They're all kind of nerdy and stress out about getting into an Ivy League school. The slightly less nerdy ones like to dress really flashy in Armani Exchange stuff and drive around in their parents' BMWs and Mercedes blaring mainstream rap. The nerdy ones are buried in their schoolwork. That's seriously all they ever do. The guys don't shave at all, and they'll just buzz their hair like once every couple weeks so they don't have to deal with it. Both the guys and the girls wear like button-up shirts and regular jeans or khakis with old beat-up sneakers. They're the only group that really doesn't smoke and—completely serious here—they're really into classical music.

Goths/Nü Metallers:
These guys say they do a bunch of different drugs like E or acid or shrooms, but it's all a lie. The biggest deal with them right now is Slipknot, and they'll generally wear a really big t-shirt with skulls on it with black baggy jeans and vans. They try to grow their hair out to be cool, but then they brush it really straight and part it down the center so it kills it.

Ultimate Losers: They aren't poor but they dress really shabby, like in the same clothes they've been wearing since middle school, all worn-out with holes in them, and spike up their hair like in second grade. It seems like they're caught in a time warp from like the end of elementary school. These guys are the bottom of the food chain.

MATT KOMAR, EDISON NEW JERSEY HIGH SCHOOL, SENIOR

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MATCHMAKER, MATCHMAKER

Make Me a Match

WE SET UP A BLIND DATE BETWEEN ZATA AND SIDNEY, TWO 13-YEAR-OLDS THAT LIVE in New York City. Zata is a skater I know from skating at Tompkins Square Park and Sidney is originally from London. I chaperoned and paid the tab.

BY PATRICK O'DELL

We met up and ate at this restaurant in Tribeca called Bubby's.

Zata described himself to his date as a director that makes short films. Sidney said she also works in film and that her stepdad is a director. They both love Myspace and Apple computers. Seriously, they said that. We aren't plugging. Zata says he worked at Mac Camp and was given a free computer.

They both took a really long time ordering.

Sidney is not a cheap date. She ordered appetizers and sent back her ribs when they came. She also thought I overtipped when the bill came, and trust me, I didn't.

At one point Zata went to the bathroom so I asked Sidney what she thought of the date so far. She said he seemed too young for her (even though they are the same age) and that she already has a boyfriend who's 16 and was only doing this date for fun. Zata told me privately later that he's been on lots of dates before.

They wanted to go to laser tag after dinner, but somehow we ended up deciding that the South Street Seaport would be fun.

I bought them some tattoos.

Zata went for the skull on the neck.

And Sidney got a rose on her ankle.

Pretty sweet.

We walked by the water.

I had to lend them 50 cents.

We got ice cream with tons of toppings.

Some essential differences started coming up at this point. For instance, Zata plays soccer, but Sidney hates soccer.

Zata and I argued about what instrument this is. I said a stand-up bass, he said a cello. The guy was playing with his fingers so I know I'm right, but he said sometimes cellos are played like that too.

This is the final portrait of the couple. Zata asked for Sidney's number. She told me later that she changed two of the digits.

Zata told me that he is looking forward to calling her and asking her on a second date. Good luck with that, Zata.

Goodnight Sidney!

Goodnight Zata!

Do you get the feeling we're on the cusp of something great? Rap and punk and metal haven't done shit for us lately and electronica's offshoots all died in the water, but everyone seems to be at that exact zenith of not giving a shit where greatness has no choice but to explode.

Sometimes when we see sandals and cargo shorts and sluts in shirts that say "Diva," we think nobody's listening. Then *Fast Times* boner fantasies like these walk into the room and it's like they're mind readers.

A Mitch O'Connell tattoo of a nervous bunny trying to decide whether to be good or bad just emanates goodness.

How can you have a bad day when this is sitting there on her stairs waiting for her friend to bring back some ice cream?

Thanks to 16th-century pagan New Wavers like her, people are going to be talking about "the early 2000s" for a really long time.

sublime

1992

40 Oz. To Freedom

1994

Robbin' The Hood

1996

Sublime

1997

Second Hand Smoke

Long Beach

1998

Live -
Stand By Your Van

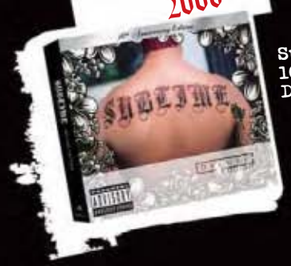
Sublime Acoustic -
Bradley Nowell
& Friends

2002

20th Century Masters:
The Best Of Sublime/
The Millennium Collection

2005

Gold

2006

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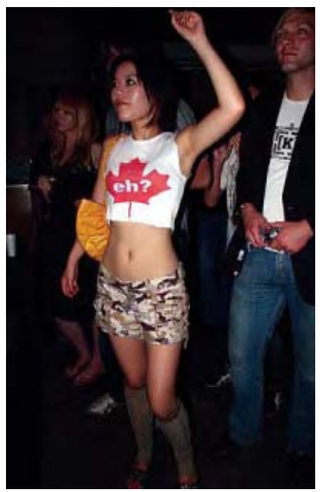
Who the fuck told geriatrics they need to be sexually empowered? They're not supposed to fuck. Have you seen their genitalia? Actually, fuck it. You'll just have to take our word for it.

Hey Jimmy, there's a fire over by the old courthouse. Can you get your puppet body and your little puppet camera over there and take some pictures for the *Kids' Show Daily News*?

Look at his cheap plastic shoes. He looks like a voodoo doll someone who hates their dad made.

Hey grup in green, you should be in your pajamas at home with a copy of *Fads and Fallacies in the Social Sciences* folded on your chest, not sleeping on the road outside the Pissed Jeans show.



Sorry FOB. You can try to pull us in with the maple leaf and being cute and everything but you're still a *Project Runway* challenge.

VONZIPPER
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I'm no fag, but imagine having this guy lying between your thighs totally nude and covered in butter with his delicate pink boner gently resting on your calves? Man, there's something about dark facial hair and pink that makes EVERYONE melt.

If there is ever a "National DO of All Time" competition, this is going to be our entry. She's human music.

Here's a great idea for a hot look this season: Be the most attractive woman in the world.

Teenagers who grew up in New York are so easy on the eyes (check out her hat) you immediately forget they all talk like plumbers in the mafia.

When you're an aging British queer there's only one way to go—crazy. This guy is doing it so well I might even let him watch me pee.

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THE MAVERICKS SURF CONTEST
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Fuck the safety generation with their earplugs and their bicycle helmets and their not going in the river unless they have their aquasocks on.

This girl looks like she was abandoned in an alley-way at a young age and raised by garbage.

The worst part of a heat wave is seeing all the chilled-out-polyester-shoulder-bag-European-video-artists with their slimy toes and their wet armpits.

You were trying to fuck with this guy and his ultra-positive, "How's it going, man?" attitude, but he darted out to the dance floor because Roni Size came on. Close your eyes and try to picture the crazy-legs mime dance those pants made him do.

Sometimes when people get rejected by humans they regress into a love of animals and even secretly wish they could be one of them. When that animal is a manatee you know the teasing was really, really bad.

All clothes models' own

BABY BABY MOMMAS

PHOTOS BY RICHARD KERN
STYLING BY ANNETTE RAMOS

Ayanna,15, and Aniyah, 3 months

Vice: Was being pregnant hard for you?
Ayanna: All my family was fine with it, except for my older brother. He's mad at the guy and mad at me too.
How tough was it giving birth? You're tiny.
It wasn't bad. I did the childbirth naturally and I was only in labor for five hours. I just enjoy being a parent. I like spending time and having her next to me. It's a new opportunity, getting to learn how babies develop. They grow right in front of your eyes.
Don't you worry that you're missing out on all the fun years of your youth?
No. Whenever I want to go out, I go out. I don't think I'm missing out on anything, because all I used to do is sometimes hang out, chill with my friends, that sort of thing. But I can still do that, you know. It's not like I'm missing out on anything that's important.

(l-r): All clothes model's own; Samantha Pleet dress, House of Waris necklace

Laporsh'e, 16, and Tamia, 5 months

Vice: Are you still in school?
Laporsh'e: I'm going into the 11th grade. My goal right now is to finish high school so I can go to college. I want to be like a social worker or a child psychologist.
How much does your schoolwork eat into the amount of time you get to hang out with Tamia?
At my school they don't really give us homework, so it makes it easier to spend a lot of time with my daughter. I mostly take her outside for walks and read her books in English and Spanish. We like the *Cat in the Hat* books.
Do you still have time to hang out with your old friends?
I didn't really have friends. I'm the type of person that likes to stay by myself. In my spare time I mostly read, and I write poems. I've always wanted to write my own book of poetry.

(l-r): Harajuku Lovers shirt, Hooch skirt; all clothes model's own

Leslie, 18, and Demein, 2

Vice: What are you up to right now?
Leslie: Finishing up school. I've got two semesters left. My ultimate goal is to become a midwife. For me to be self-sufficient doing that, I have to get a bachelor's degree, which will take another four years.
I didn't realize there were midwives anymore.
Sure. I work with a group called the Community Birthing Project doing counseling for women to help them through the labor process and have natural childbirth.
What's so great about natural childbirth?
Women's bodies are built to give birth. It was happening for thousands of years before medical intervention came along. Doctors think the painkillers put the woman out of her misery, but ultimately that's what her body was made for.
How did your pregnancy go?
Considering the fact that I was 16, it was pretty good.

(l-r): All clothes model's own; Paul Frank shirt

Shamecca, 17 and Xavier, 10 months

Vice: How do you feel about having had Xavier when you were still a kid?
Shamecca: I don't regret having him. I could have waited, but it happened and now I'm learning how to raise him and what's best for me.
Did your folks give you a lot of grief when they found out you had a bun in the oven?
They were really supportive. In the beginning they told me, "If you want a baby, you can have a baby. Right now is not the time, but whatever your decision is we're still going to be behind you." When she had me, my mother was the same age as I was when I had Xavier. Same hospital too.
How hard was it adjusting to being a mom?
I'm young, but I haven't got to enjoy my childhood. I can't go a lot of places. But usually I'll just get over it. I'll take my son with me, or I'll figure out something else to do. There are a lot of times you feel you really need your own space, but that's your child forever. It's like you're married.

(l-r): Paul Frank dress; WeSC shirt and pants, House of Waris necklace and earrings

Chenelle, 19, and Latasha, 1

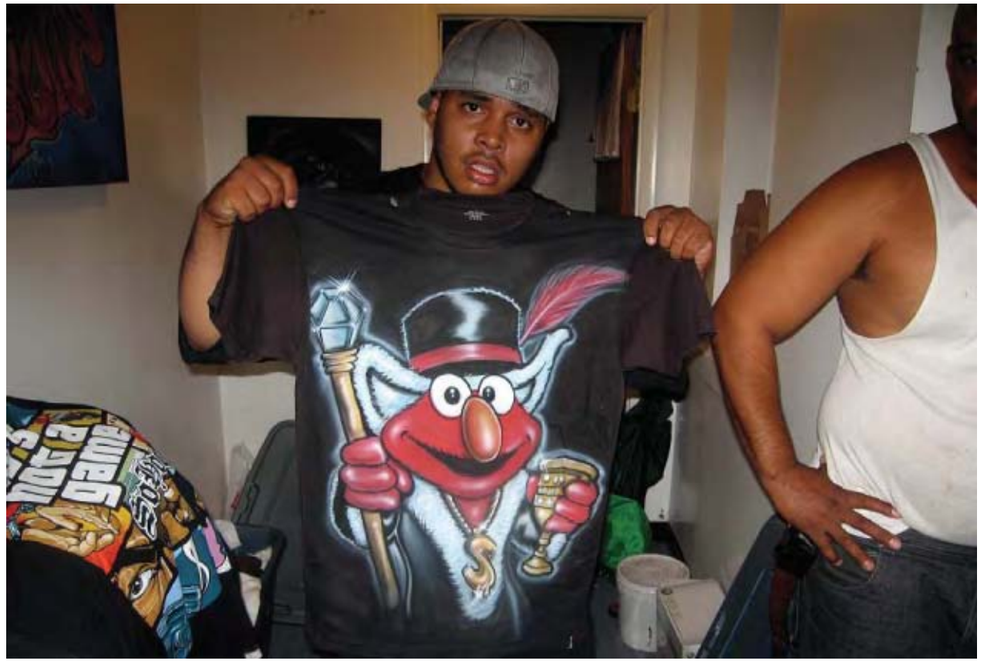
Vice: Was it hard breaking the news to your family when you found out you were pregnant?
Chenelle: Oh, my family was happy. My mother had me when she was young. It wasn't that hard for me, and it hasn't been that hard taking care of her.
But do you have pretty much no social time for yourself?
Yeah, but I don't really have friends. I've kind of got associates and then one best friend. She's got a son who's two so we'll hang out sometimes with our kids.
What are you going to do once you finish with high school?
My plans are basically just to watch my daughter grow. After I graduate out of high school I'm going to go to trade school or beauty school. Then I want to rent my own business place, somewhere where I can have my own space and set up my own beauty shop.
Have you cut a lot of hair?
Only on a mannequin so far, but I like doing makeup and hair: Braiding, relaxers, the Shirley Temple, the Twist…
What's Latasha got right now?
Those are just low ponytails with twists.

(l-r): L.A.M.B. shoes; Harajuku Lovers shirt, Lois jeans, House of Waris necklace; L.A.M.B. shoes

Caren, 20, Raymond, 4, Starr, 2

Vice: Do you still run with the same crew as before you were pregnant?
Caren: I'm still with the kids' father. We get along. He helps out with them as much as he can, but it can be tough because he's so young. One of my friends also had a baby so we have a lot in common. But my old best friend, we don't see each other too much.
Why not?
Having kids is a lot of responsibility, and most of the places you want to go you can't take your kids with you. I'm 20 and I've never been to a club or a bar. I just haven't had that experience yet.
How'd your family deal with it when you first got pregnant?
My mother wasn't so happy, but things happen. She was a teen mom herself so she understood. She was 17 when she had me.
So everything's smooth right now?
I'm taking GED classes and I also work at a counseling center for teen moms and at a bakery.
What do you and your kids like to do when you get time together?
We go to the park or the Bronx Zoo. Raymond loves the monkeys.

Photos by Patrick O'Dell. Only the shirts that Ray is holding up are by him. We bought the other ones all over Manhattan.



Photos by Ben Ritter

ANIMATED GHETTO

Tees for Grown-Up Kids

SORT OF LIKE ABORTION, THUGGING OUT YOUR FAVORITE cartoon character and putting the bootleg on a size XXXXL t-shirt used to be a tricky business. Due to the iron grasp with which Warner Brothers and the other pillars of kids' TV held onto their licenses, the only people you could count on to carry out the operation were boardwalk airbrush artisans and back-alley silk screeners. Under these shady conditions, the results were mixed, and many an urban Taz enthusiast walked away dollars poorer with a t-shirt bearing the hazy image of a misshapen brown lump in a bandana.

Fortunately, over the past ten years the old guard has been waking up to the reality of the streets and coming to realize that drug-dealing and prostitution are just two of the more colorful aspects of the world around them. There are still some hurdles to surmount with regards to violence and getting higher than a motherfucker, but things definitely done changed.

Not only can you now have Elmo bedecked in pimpish finery beaming from your chest without fear of litigation, but the glut of higher-quality thugtoons flooding the vendors' booths has pushed the bootleggers to soaring new heights of creativity in order to compete. What greater tribute to the progressive power of the free market can you come up with than a t-shirt with a drawing of the Michelin Man pounding the living shit out of Mr. Clean? You simply can't top that. Don't even try.

We spoke to Ray Sierra—the Bronx airbrush artist behind Big Pun's official line of shirts and the creator of such gems as Pimp Elmo, Pimp Pink Panther, Pimp Tweety, and Tupac Patrick from *Spongebob*—about the relaxed climate in the cartoon-urbanization trade and the challenges that remain.

Vice: So all the cartoon and kids' stuff you guys do is on the level, right?

Ray: We do most of the art for a brand called Changes. They license out all the rights to the characters, so ours are all

authentic Pink Panther shirts. You can tell by the label. It says Pink Panther on it.

And the license-holders are OK with them being modified into pimps and drug-dealers?
They still don't want to be defaming their own characters. They don't want Bugs Bunny smoking a blunt or Spongebob with an AK. But that's what the urban market wants, because our world is all about everything just being sensationalized, glorifying guns and thugs. The urban consumer wants the characters he wears to reflect that whole thing.

That sort of makes sense, but don't things like *Scarface* and 50 Cent shirts cover those bases? Why thug out children's characters?
It's simple marketing when you think about it—people buy what they know. We all grew up on Bugs Bunny, we know him through watching Looney Tunes and Tiny Toons. Also you got like the Daffy Ducks and Pink Panthers, characters who just had a certain kind of personality. Take Spongebob for example. He is number one right now because he's like that inner child in everyone, just wanting to be silly and goofy and laugh.

But if they're into him because he's so kid-like, why make him Thugbob, or Streetbob Straighthood?
Well you've got a lot of these guys who deep-down want to wear the cutesy stuff, but they've got to thug them out because you're not going to come through with the ladies in a Winnie the Pooh shirt when you're in junior high. But if he's got two guns and a bazooka, that makes it cool. And they want to be tough, but still be attractive to the ladies, so they'll get a gangsta Tweety because almost every girl loves Tweety.

When they give you the license, are there a bunch of ground rules about what you can and can't do with them?
The license-holders give you a style guide for drawing them. Some people, like with the Pink Panther, they're really picky about redrawing him. Everything's got to be proportionate. They want it to look exactly how the original guy drew him. Then you've got other people like Popeye where you get a little more leeway.

Besides the technical aspect, do they just leave it up to you?
We'll throw out different ideas, and then the owners have to

approve it. We try to submit all these harder things, but nine times out of ten they aren't going to print anything with guns or drugs. Sometimes it's hard to tell what will or won't get through. Like we had one we wanted to do for the Pink Panther where he's doing push-ups and has on the bandana, like that whole jailhouse yard thing, and it was going to be like, "Get your weight up."

So they don't want him working out, but they're fine with him being a pimp? Oh, wait. "Get your weight up" also means "deal more drugs." Now I get it.

Yeah, and that other shirt says, "Pinkin' ain't easy." I knew they wouldn't go with "Pimping ain't easy," so when I came up with it I just went, "OK, let's have a Pink Panther with all the elements of a pimp, but not actually say pimp." When you're dealing with these guys, you can't be too upfront. You've got to go with a little dual-meaning subliminal type of stuff. That way it attracts the urban crowd you want, but it doesn't offend the older generation who isn't hip to the whole slang.

If the big guys are getting into the same market, why haven't there been any big crackdowns on all the crazy bootleg designs?

Most of these hip-hop-type artists are just selling out of small stores. They only make 50 shirts for each design. It's not enough to hurt Pink Panther or whoever. It's more like it keeps their promotion up and makes the characters more popular.

Even when they're holding a smoking gun over a mountain of coke?

The truth is the companies can't do it themselves, because then they'll lose their old fan base of people who grew up on Pink Panther. I mean you've got fans of Betty Boop who are like 90 years old. They don't want to see her with implants and hooker boots and a gat.

But the kids do. Fuck, I do too!

Right. It's just a whole cultural thing where the urban markets look at all these commercial companies out there and they're waiting for somebody to make the urban side of all these characters. And when they don't, it's even more attractive an idea. And that's where all the bootlegging comes in.

THOMAS MORTON

photo: Adam Amengual

Jordan Seiler
Artist
Chelsea, New York
www.publicadcampaign.com

My projects objective is to define an unrealistic ideal. My personal objective is to promote my project. sometimes we don't talk for days.

Jord Seiler

tank THEORY
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DANCE, DANCE, REVOLUTION!

JammX Gonna Make You Sweat

ARE YOU DOWN WITH THE JAMMX? UM, THEY'RE ONLY ABOUT TO take over the entire kidz music scene. Formed by *Full House* producer Merv Adelson and fronted by wise-crackin' ten-year-old Bobb'e J (who moonlights as a judge on *America's Most Talented Kids*), this nine-member multi-culti hip-hop sensation is making some serious noize! And it's all in the name of inspiring other kids to get active and stay fit.

About a month back, we got a 15-minute phoner with the J-man himself. That is fucking huge. He was totally cool and quick and open, talking about fame, friends, the greats of comedy, and some rumors going around that are *not* true. You heard it here first, Jammerz!

Vice: All right, I got a serious question for you.
Bobb'e J: OK.

Do you smoke cigarettes?
No.

OK, good. Here's my question: Given the ban in California on cigarette smoking and your dance group's concern for increasing awareness among America's youth about the importance of eating right and staying fit, I wonder if you could weigh in on the credibility of the evidence of the harmful effects of secondhand smoke. Do you consider it to be junk science?
Yes.

So you think people should be smoking everywhere. OK, I have another serious question for you. How do you think Richard Pryor's and Chris Rock's socio-economic backgrounds—though quite different—inflected their respective comedic acts.
Well, Richard Pryor just worked blue. That's just his act.

Oh. What's it like being ten and having a creepy old guy like me call you up and ask you questions?
It's OK. It's neat.

Thanks. I got one more for you: How come you fell asleep on that television show. [YouTube it—Ed.]
I didn't fall asleep. I was taking notes.

The rumor is you were up all night drinking the night before, and then you came in drunk, and you passed out.
I was taking notes.

Whatever you say. Hey, I hope this isn't a gay question, but a lot of us over here are dying to know what your favorite dance move is. I know that's kind of an imposition, but...
I like krumping. It's just letting yourself go to be free with your dancing. It took me about a year to get really good at it.

INTERVIEW BY BIG PINKY

Barbara Nitke
Madame and mine, 1995

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Work It Out with JammX

After we were done with Bobb'eJ, we went to each of the JammX kids and begged them to show us their signature moves.

Annie

THE MOVE: TWIST TOP

How you do it: Stand relaxed with your left foot in front of your right. Twist your feet to the left, then, all in one move, hop into the air and land with your right foot in front. Then you do it again, but this time twist to the right.

Annie: "Then repeat and keep going and going and going…"

How long it will take you to learn it: Two nights.

Lauren

THE MOVES: WHACKING AND WRIST-ROLLING

How you do it: Whacking is a dance style that takes months to perfect, but with some practice you can wrist-roll with the pros. It's an old-school hip-hop move like popping and locking, and is just what it sounds like, rolling your wrists. The trick is to get loose with it so you can do it like it's no thing. How do you get there? Practice practice practice.

How long it will take you to learn it: Depends on your commitment. You could pick it up tonight. If you slouch, it could be never.

January

THE MOVE: THE SALSA

How you do it: Stand facing your partner. On the first beat, step forward with your left foot. Your partner will mirror with her left foot. On the second beat, lift your right foot in the air but put it back where it was (step in place). On the third beat, step back with your left foot, so you're back in your starting position. Hold the fourth beat. On the fifth beat, step back with your right foot. Step in place with your left on the sixth. Hold the seventh beat. Then return your right foot to starting position. Repeat.

How long it will take you to learn it: Five minutes.

Evan

THE MOVE: THE STALL

How you do it: You can do the Stall in any dance position you decide: Just freeze and hold it and you're stalling. Hence the name.

How long it will take you to learn it: One month to perfect.

Monica

THE MOVE: THE CHEST POP

How you do it: Pop your chest while you're dancing.

How long it will take you to learn it: One night.

Chancellor

THE MOVE: THE HEEL SWITCH

How you do it: Adjust your weight from one heel to the other, switching from left to right.

How long it will take you to learn it: You can do this one right now.

Johnny

THE MOVE: KRUMPING

How you do it: Krumping is about letting loose, using all parts of your body to express yourself, and get your emotions or your anger out. Just go for it.

How long it will take you to learn it: Two or three weeks.

Jazz

THE MOVE: POPPING

How you do it: Jazz explains, "When you pop a lot, it's like ticking but then you lock it. You lock your muscle and bang your heel to make the effect in the pop look bigger."

How long it will take you to learn it: Two or three years.

KIDS FLICKS

Child Actors Review a Nightmare

DARWIN'S NIGHTMARE IS A SOUL-shatteringly accurate documentary that depicts before your ralphing eyes the ways that people, cultures, civilization and the, um, Earth are ruined by the European Epicurean's taste for the giant (cannibalistic) Nile perch found in Lake Victoria, Tanzania. Acres of rotting fish carcasses, Russian shipping planes that secretly bring weapons into Tanzania, teen prostitution, AIDS, and EU capitalistic arrogance all swirl together to murder any sad vestige of hope left for humanity. Tanzanians, who've lived off the lake and are now hoping for factory work making filets for rich Europeans, are left with only the maggot-infested perch carcasses to eat. Typical. We inflicted some of the most heart-stopping scenes upon a few of the most showstopping child performers in America. We wanted to, you know, glean a bit of naive wisdom from these talented tykes (and, perhaps, a little sliver of razzle-dazzle to go with their pizzazz-a-matazz).

THE WONDER SHOWZEN GUYS

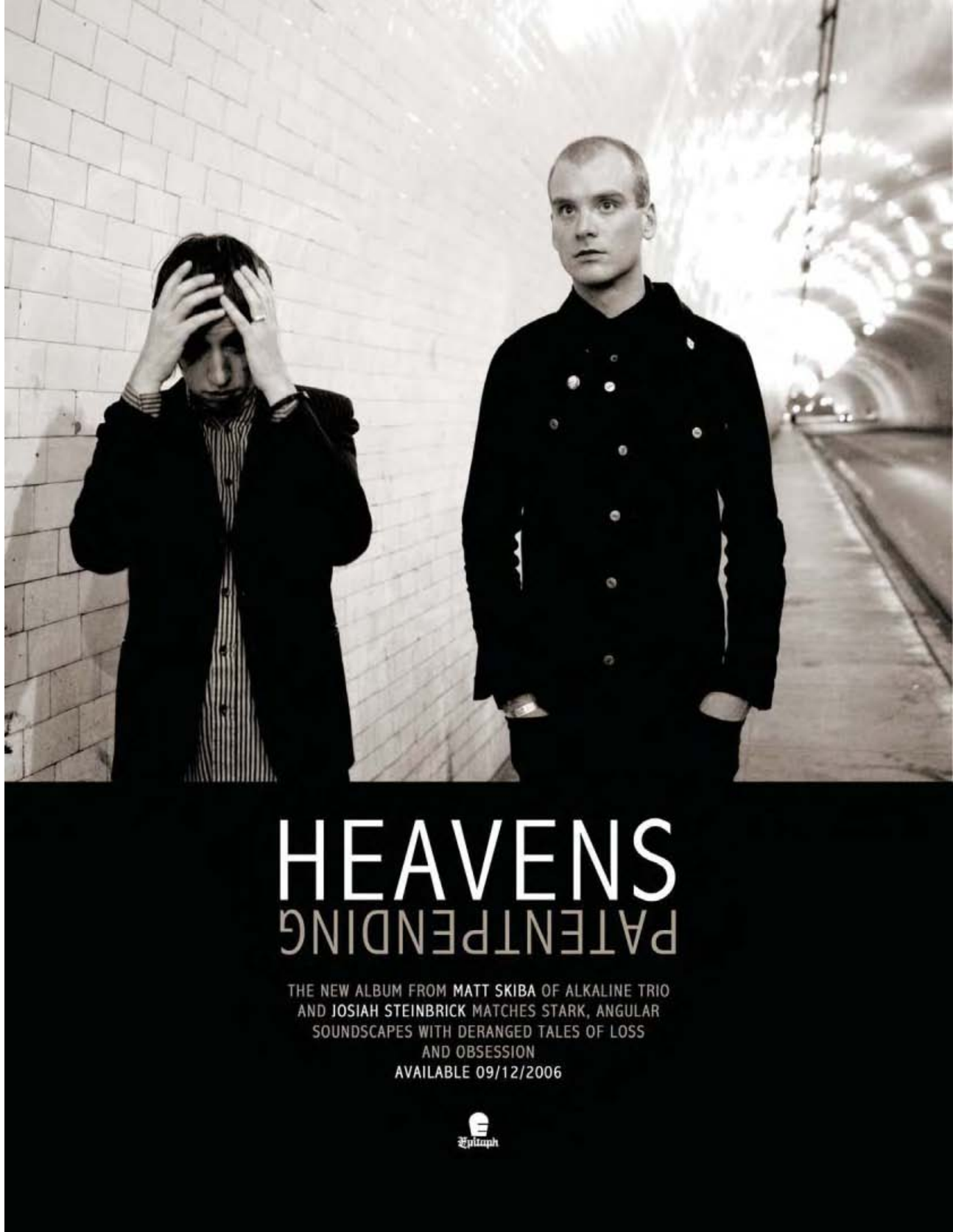
Wonder Showzen: Season Two *DVD will be in stores October 17.*

Jasmina: "Africa is like when my teacher Mr. S told us, 'You may think that your whole life is horrible, but there are others in the world that even have no feet.' I recently auditioned for Kidz Bop and booked a voice over for Z100 Radio.

Trevor: "The hungriest child was responsible for the fight over the food breaking out and this maybe could happen in America if we don't cut back on our food eating. I just finished up shooting the third season of *Rescue Me*."

Anthony: "The kids fighting over food was like a piñata at a birthday party. All the bigger kids try to take the candy away from the little ones. I just returned from a month in Delaware in a brand new musical called *Einstein's Breakfast*. I played the role of Kenny."

Evan: "Something like that in America is most likely not going to happen. America is doing perfectly fine when it comes to money. It's the war issues that we should be worrying about. I've been doing a lot of work. I had one line in the new film *Joshua*."



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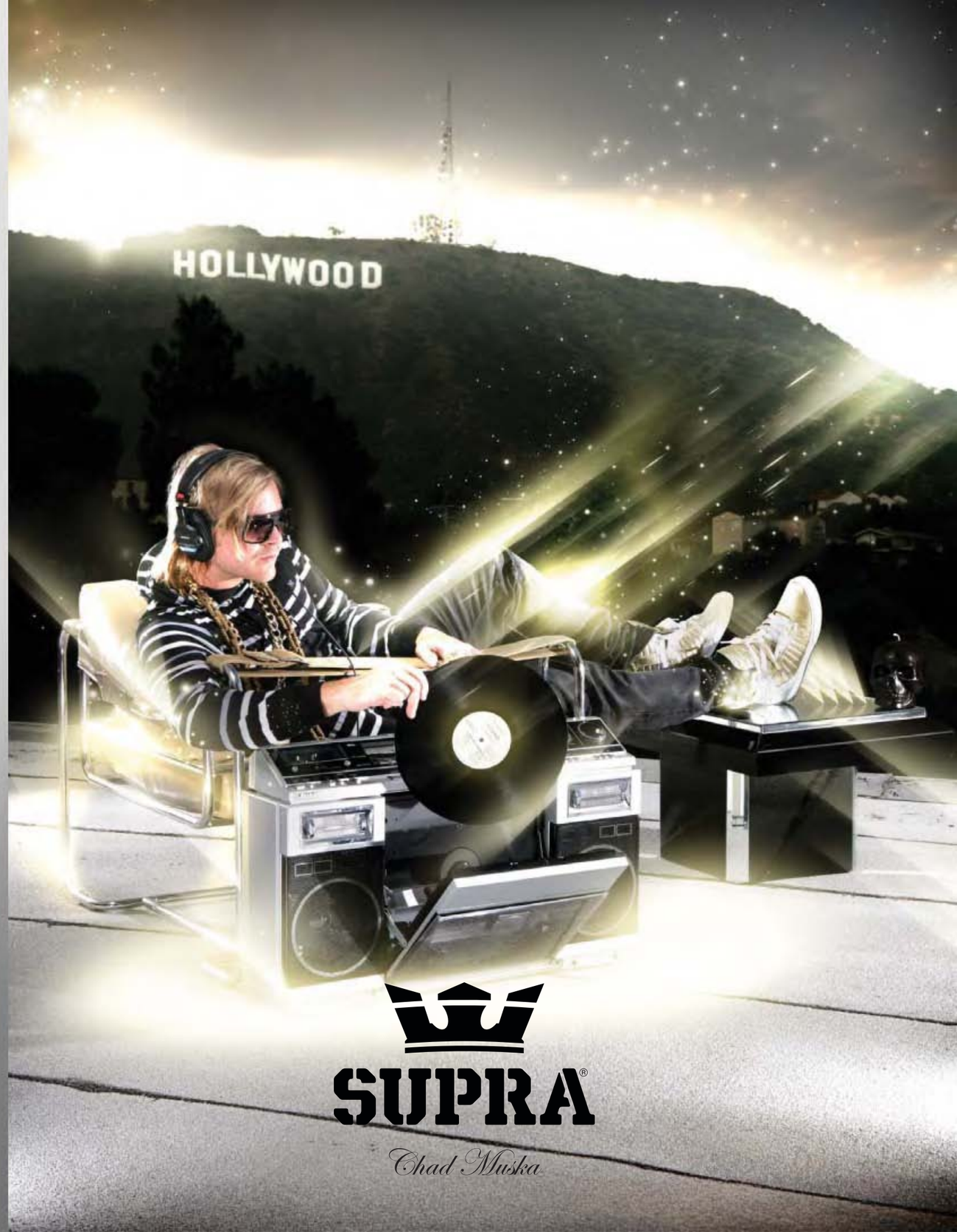


VICE LECTURES FOR KIDS

A Series About Stuff!

HEY KIDS,

Ever wonder what will be happening four years from now? Ugh—high school! How about 40 years from now? Ugh—apocalypse, riots, and computers ruling humankind as if we were their toys!

Vice just called up three of the world's most eminent scientists and social theorists—people who spend their lives in tiny labs trying to predict the future—and asked them to spend a little bit of their precious time telling a group of kids what the world will be like when you're all grown up. Guess what? It's going to be very, very, very, very bad and weird.

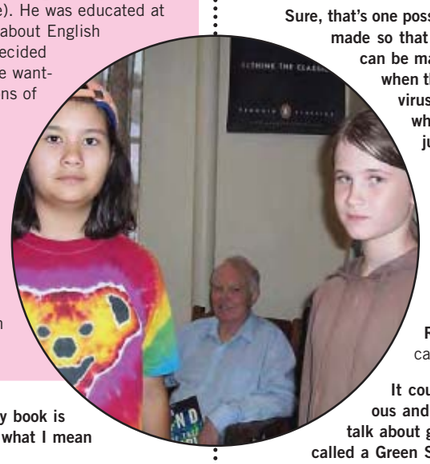
To be honest, the results are pretty worrisome, if not downright terrifying! But don't let it get you down. After all, the future is yours! Good luck, guys!

PART ONE: THE END OF THE WORLD

John Leslie is a philosophy professor at the University of Guelph and the author of many books for grown-ups, including *The End of the World* (Routledge). He was educated at Oxford University, where he learned about English literature, but as he grew older he decided that he didn't want to read books, he wanted to study the fundamental questions of the world: "What is the universe?" "Why does it exist?" Big, big stuff like that.

Guess what he found out? Humans are going extinct! Who would have thunk it?

Recently, Professor Leslie took some time away from the lab to talk to tween girls Rachel and Diana about a couple of the billions of ways that humans are likely to vanish from the face of the earth.



Professor John Leslie: The title of my book is *The End of The World*. Do you know what I mean when I say the end of the world?

Diana: When the planets go out?

No. I mean when every last human being in the world dies. In my book, I have proven that it is statistically likely that the human race is approaching extinction. Then, I have investigated some very realistic, scientific "disaster scenarios." Those are possible ways that every human being in the world might die. One of the disaster scenarios involves germ warfare. Do either of you know what germ warfare is?

Rachel: That's when they put it in envelopes and mail it.

That's one example. That happened with the germ anthrax five years ago. But due to advances in genetic engineering, the threat of germ warfare is growing. Do you know what I mean by genetic engineering? Either of you? Genetic engineering is when scientists interfere with dangerous germs in order to make them even more dangerous.

Diana: What, like so you don't get healed up when you take medicine?

Sure, that's one possibility. Also, dangerous germs can be made so that they are able to spread easily. They can be made so that they can kill more people when they do spread. For example, the AIDS virus is very, very difficult to catch. But what if you made it so it could spread just from people coughing?

Diana: That would be really, really bad.

Well somebody in some laboratory might be working on that right as we speak. He—or she—could be developing a germ that would lead to a desperately dangerous virus.

Rachel: Like, something where you can't move anymore.

It could be anything, any kind of dangerous and highly contagious virus. People also talk about genetic engineering leading to what's called a Green Scum Disaster. That is where genetic engineering leads to a new form of plant—a plant that might take all competitors out of existence. It might take over the entire world.

Diana: Like a swarm.

People have also suggested that genetic engineering could be used to produce contraceptive bacteria. Do you know what a contraceptive is?

Rachel and Diana: [*giggling*]

Well, some people have suggested that a contraceptive bacteria could be given to a woman who didn't want to become pregnant. The bacteria could stop them from becoming pregnant for several months. Unfortunately, these bacteria could spread to other women. And the bacteria could even spread to every woman and make it impossible for absolutely anyone to have children. There would be the human race gone. Gone. Another disaster scenario which is quite interesting is the Grey Goo Disaster.

Diana: It sounds like a comic book.

Well, that's true. It does a little. Anyway, there are recent advances in what is known as nanotechnology. Do you know what nanotechnology is?

Rachel: Yeah, it's like something about space.

Close. It is where you miniaturize things like computers. It could be possible in the quite near future to get a computer which is so small that you would be unable to see it. You could have a computer the size of a speck of dust. And this computer would have such power that it would be able to manufacture more copies of itself. Do you see what might happen?

Diana: They'd take over your body and control you. Like in *I, Robot*.

That's not a bad thought. But what I had in mind is something else. Computers of this sort would be very useful in areas like manufacturing. They might also be very useful in areas like warfare. And if a Grey Goo Disaster happened, then they could spread throughout the parts of the earth which are inhabitable by living things. And if that happened, you could get within perhaps a month of the complete extermination of not only the human race but also of all other animals.

Diana: Right. Like in *I, Robot*.

Something else I should touch on is the possibility that computers might replace us. One of the interesting possibilities there is that computers would be replacing us with our blessings.

Diana: Huh?!

You see, human intelligence has a lot of limitations. It is kept back by all sorts of difficulties. It has an end put to it by old age. It is inhibited by such things as disease and neuroses. Machine intelligence, on the other hand, could be well balanced and enormously brilliant, and never suffer from any sort of mental disease of any sort. It would be happy all the time, you might say. Some people think the human race should be replaced by computers of that sort.

Diana: What would happen to us?

Well, computers would replace humans. Humans would be dead. But one of the most interesting scenarios which I've looked at is one that can be a little hard to understand. But let's try... Imagine the fabric of the universe. Imagine, then, if you could produce something which is equivalent to a pinprick on a balloon. Imagine a pinprick in the fabric of the universe. You know what happens when you prick a hole in a balloon?

Rachel: It flies all around until it's out of hot air.

Well, you could produce in a laboratory experiment a tiny bubble, which proceeded to expand at the speed of light almost. It would destroy the galaxy. And then it would destroy all the neighboring galaxies. And then it would go on expanding forever, throughout the universe, destroying everything when it reached it.

Diane: Come on.

Actually, this has been a scenario which has been looked at quite seriously in the physics journals.

Diane: It's scary.

Let me just talk about this last one quickly. We don't notice all the energy in the space surrounding us, right? We think of it as just empty space. Just nothingness. But that's wrong. It's like fish in the deep sea. They're under hundreds of tons of water pressure, but they don't know it. In fact, the space in which we live is swarming with energy but we don't notice it. Do you understand? It's just like with the fish. Now, how could we upset the space in which we live?

Rachel: Explosions.

Right. Possibly by an experiment of very high energies. And, I don't know if you know this, but today's scientists spend a lot of time in their laboratories producing collisions between particles. And it could be a very dangerous thing. A lot of physicists say, "Oh well, we don't believe there is any danger. Let's just go ahead and produce bigger and bigger disasters."

Diane: But they won't do that.

Well, if anybody were really keen on annihilating the human race, they'd find it quite easy in the near future. This is the sort of thing that makes me fairly pessimistic. The head of the Royal Society in Britain believes the chances are at least 50-50 that we will be extinct by the end of the century...

Diane: So the world is going to end?

Well, it's obvious the world is going to end! I just can't say when.

PART TWO: THE END OF OIL

James Howard Kunstler is an author and social theorist. That means he spends his days thinking about the way people live and work as a group, and his nights figuring out where that group is headed. He is the author of 13 books of fiction and nonfiction and he's frequently asked to lecture at colleges that you'll never get into, like Yale, MIT, and Columbia. About a month ago, we saw some of the local cool kids hanging out on the main road in Saratoga Springs, NY, where Kunstler lives. We asked them to listen to Kunstler talk about his latest book, *The Long Emergency*. It's about when the world's supply of oil runs out and we are living in a wasteland that makes *Mad Max* look like *West Side Story*.

James Howard Kunstler: All right, I'm going to try to explain some very serious, grown-up stuff. You see, the way that we live in America has become very, very heavily dependent on a lot of oil, and the world is facing total world oil depletion.

Kayla: What does that mean?

It means we are running out of oil, and we're going to have to live very differently. We're probably not going to be able to drive around in our cars like we do now. And we may have to go back to a kind of living in which people live closer to each other, and closer to the things they need, like stores. Now, shopping has been an important part of American life for the whole time you've been around, but that's going to change drastically. Stores like Kmart, that depend on selling things that come from 12,000 miles away, will cease to exist. We're going to have to do local business again.

Mike: Yeah, but we'll just have local stores or something. We already have those anyway.

Actually it's something that we haven't done in this country for a long time. And it's going to be very hard to learn how to do it again, because it doesn't happen overnight. We're going to have to learn how to farm again, we're going to have to grow food close to home…

Kayla: I have a garden.

Not just gardening. A lot of the empty fields that you see around a place like this town are going to have to grow things. We're going to have to get serious about using that land to grow food, because we're not going to be able to move stuff 3,000 miles. We can't move a Caesar salad 3,000 miles from California to Saratoga every time you want a Caesar salad. We're going to have to get more serious about farming our own food, and doing it on a smaller scale with more human labor, fewer machines, less oil, and less artificial fertilizers. We may have to use animals to do some of the work instead of using tractors.

Robert: What, like bull carts?

We may have to use oxen and bulls and horses again, in a way that we haven't done within the memory of anyone who's now alive.

Robert: We'll be like going to class on bull carts?

I wouldn't stick my neck that far out, but I think we're going to have real big problems with cars. One of the things that you may not realize, or know much about, is we used to have a really good railroad system in this country, and we're going to have to return to that. We're going to have to build the railroads up again. And another thing, I think that we're going to see a big change in education and school. I have a feeling that high school, as we know it, is probably not going to continue very long into the future. For one thing, we're going to have a lot of trouble running the schools that depend on those fleets of yellow school busses.

Kayla: Oh well. [*laughing*]

There's another very big part of this package, and that's the global climate situation. The ice caps are melting, the glaciers are melting, and we're having extraordinary heat waves and floods and hurricanes. These climate problems are going to create additional problems for our farms. They will add another layer of difficulty.

Robert: So we'll just get stuff from the government. Like hurricane relief.

It is probably not going to be like that. There will be a lot of trouble between different countries and different regions and different people. They will probably all be competing for scarce energy and scarce oil and scarce resources.

Mike: No way.

Yes way. In fact, we're already seeing it. Some of you may know that there's a lot of trouble in the world right now. The American army is fighting in the Middle East and Iraq, and there's a war now between Israel and the Hezbollah in Lebanon. There is a lot of friction between the nations that have a lot of oil and the nations that have a lot of money to buy oil. There is even friction with other nations who are sitting on the sidelines. We're all having different kinds of trouble.

Mike: Well, what if they make cars that just run off electricity? Or air? Hot air, I mean.

You can make cars run on all kinds of things. You can make them run on biodiesel or alcohol or even french-fried potato oil. The question is: Can you make 200 million cars run on all those things, or 50 million. Or even 25. And the answer to that is: Probably not.

Jennie: So what are we going to do?

You mean what kind of a world are you going to grow up in? I think it is going to be a very different one from the one of your childhood. It is going to be a more serious world. There will be a period of hardship because as we have access to less and less energy to run all of the stuff that we need to run, a lot of jobs are going to vanish.

Robert: What will we do for money?

Well, there may be some jobs that are real popular now that won't be around in the future, like rock star or movie actor—or book author.

Mike: Where'd you get the name of your book?

I called my book *The Long Emergency* because I think that's the kind of world that we're going to be living in. The whole world is going to be in a kind of emergency that doesn't quite end. It will keep on going and going and going.

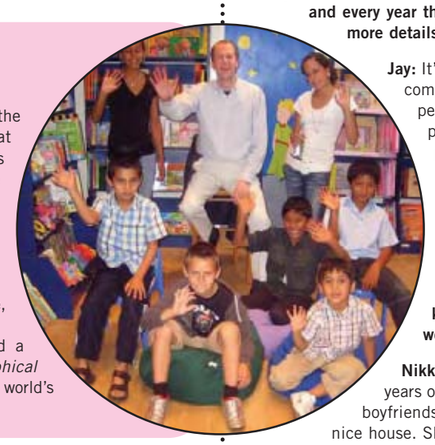
Kayla: What do you mean?

I mean it will be a world where there are a lot of problems all the time. You'll have to be resourceful and resilient and able to meet those challenges.

Jennie: Is there any hope?

Well, in this world you'll have to generate hope yourself. And the way you'll do it is by becoming a capable young woman. All of you will have to become capable young people who are confident about dealing with the problems that reality sends to you. That will require you to be serious people. Life is going to be harder for you than it has been for quite a few generations before you. And you may even have to be heroic in the way that you greet this new reality that we're going to be living in. And I'll be there with you for a while, and I'm going to write about it some more. So there you have it. I'll see you guys around.

PART THREE: THE END OF HUMANS



Dr. Nick Bostrom is the director of the Future of Humanity Institute at Oxford in England. That means he is basically the archduke of future studies. He has advanced degrees with highest honors in philosophy and mathematics and mathematic logic and computational neuroscience and physics and artificial intelligence. What have you done, barely passed fifth grade?

In July, Dr. Bostrom presented a paper he published in *Philosophical Quarterly* before a panel of the world's toughest judges: Kids just like you!

Dr. Nick Bostrum: Lots of serious scientists believe that, in the future, we will have very powerful computers. Now, let's just say that the scientists are right. Let's say that our descendants will have very powerful computers. One thing that they might want to do with their computers is look at humanity and learn more about us, both socially and medically. To do that, they might build computer programs, or simulations. And those programs, if they were detailed enough, might even believe that they were feeling things and seeing things. Even though they were just computer programs designed to be exactly like you, they might not know the difference.

Dhilan: I'm pretty weird you know. Imagine if I was three inches tall.

Well, that is interesting. That is exactly the sort of thinking I would like for you to do. Now imagine if you had pretend glasses and you could watch an imaginary, underground football field versus actually having a real underground football field. Would it matter if it were real or not if it looked the same and felt the same?

Bhavan: Steven Gerrard is dumb. He missed that penalty and Lampard took a rubbish penalty.

OK, but we aren't really here to talk about football.

Do you think there would be a difference between just having the experiences of something versus it happening for real? Philosophers have this thought experiment called "the experience machine." The idea here is that you have this imaginary machine and you can go into it and have any experience you want. You can experience being a king or a queen or winning a war or kissing someone you fancy—any feeling you want to have. You can feel happiness or pressure. Would you or would you not go into the experience machine? Nothing that happens there is real. Think about it. Now, what do you think of the idea that we could almost certainly be living in a computer simulation in the future? You play computer games and every year they get more and more realistic with more details, right?

Jay: It's not possible for us to live in a huge computer. We would have to be electric people. If we're living in a huge computer, you'd have to find a massive plug to put in the universe and the computer would be massive as well.

OK, but in the future it may be possible to create people using computers. How about if each of you try to imagine what kind of people you would create. If you could make any kind of person in the world, who would you make.

Nikki: I'd make a nice lady, about 30 years old, who's a doctor. She's got loads of boyfriends, loads of money, a nice car, and a nice house. She'd be called Jane.

Carly: I'd have a boy in his teens—about 18 years old. He's going to college. He's doing well and he's nice. I'd call him Chubbs.

Dhivan: If I could make a person out of a computer I'd make him friendly, happy, and safe. He'd be 11 years old. I would call him President Bush because I know President Bush. He'd have a big bush around his head. I'd give him flying powers and punching powers.

Ross: Mine would be happy, kind, and helpful. He would have night vision.

Good. Very interesting. And you see, what I argued in my paper is that it is possible that someone in the future decided to make a bookstore, and put me onto a stool and surround me by a boy in a shirt just like that one and a girl who had her thumb in her mouth until just now. And a gentleman with a camera, and…

Bhavan: Imagine if the world was made out of poo. We'd need gas masks like Adolf Hitler had.

Do you know what an academic is?

Jay: Is it a banana?

I believe I have come to the end of my lecture. Thank you.

VICE STAFF

WORKING IT OUT

Jews and Arabs At Play

HEY KIDS! IN CASE YOU LIVE IN A CAVE, YOU ALREADY KNOW that Jews hate Muslims and Muslims hate Jews and the whole planet is probably going to implode in a black puff of dust because these fucking guys can't just suck it up and shake hands.

If we don't get Heebs and Towelheads shooting the shit asap, we're all in trouble. So we decided to go for an interaction experiment between Jewish Israelis and Arabs in Israel. Arabs in Israel, you say? Yes, out of about 6.7 million Israelis, 1.2 million are Muslim Arabs.

We went to two areas about five minutes away from each other: Jaffa, the Arab part of southern Tel–Aviv and Florentine, which is... full of Jewish people, like the rest of Tel-Aviv.

We took two Jewish kids to Jaffa and had them play with Arab children for a day. Then we took the Arab children back to the Israelis' apartment to play there.

MEET THE POSSE!

John-John is an eight-year-old Jewish kid. He loves the Black-Eyed Peas and playing with his PlayStation. His sister **Hadar** is almost four.

Jamil is Arab-Israeli and nine years old. He only listens to Koran music at home. **Jamilah** is Arab-Israeli and eight years old. She has the longest, most beautiful hair ever.

Etaf is Arab-Israeli and eight years old. He was crazy about **Hadar**. Forbidden love much?

Abed is Arab-Israeli and nine years old. He is Jamil's sidekick. He can't write, as he doesn't go to school.

PHOTOS BY YANIV EDRY, COORDINATED BY ALEXA KAROLINSKI & HECTOR MUELAS

8:30 AM: Jaffa is the Arab part of Tel Aviv. It's a neighborhood filled with crime, unemployment, and racial tension. But the bad vibes were lessened a little when the girls said "Salam," and "Shalom," to each other. The Arab-Israeli girls immediately adopted Hadar into their group. So far, so good.

9:00 AM: The newly founded "Jew crew" on the way to Florentine. Although the Israeli kids spend a lot of time in Jaffa, interacting with Arab children is a first. Here they are mucking about in a van.

10:07 AM: Back in Jaffa. John-John said, "I was in Jaffa and I met Jamil and he introduced me to his friends and he showed me the neighborhood. Then he showed me where he plays and we traveled and we climbed."

10:16 AM: Fucking leg it! Throughout the course of its bloodstained history, Jaffa has been invaded and occupied by such luminaries as Richard the Lionhearted, Napoleon, and of course lots of Jews. Scenes like this, where Arabs and Jews are clambering up rocks to get away from each other, have been repeated literally gazillions of times in Jaffa.

10:45 AM: Oh shit. It's kicking off. They've only been with each other for a little over two hours and already they're... oh wait... this is just an enthusiastic game of rock-paper-scissors in front of Jamils's house. Older Jews and Arabs prefer to settle their differences with a game called sniper-bomb-on-a-bus-torture-execution.

11:25 AM: At John-John's playing soccer on PS2, which is a first for Jamil and Abed. Arabs aren't big on computer games because they make Allah mad and that means you have to burn in flames for eternity and forgo all the sex with multiple virgins. Not even a quick go on Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas *is worth that.*

12:30 PM: Back on the street for a real game of soccer. The girls were destroying the boys, score-wise.

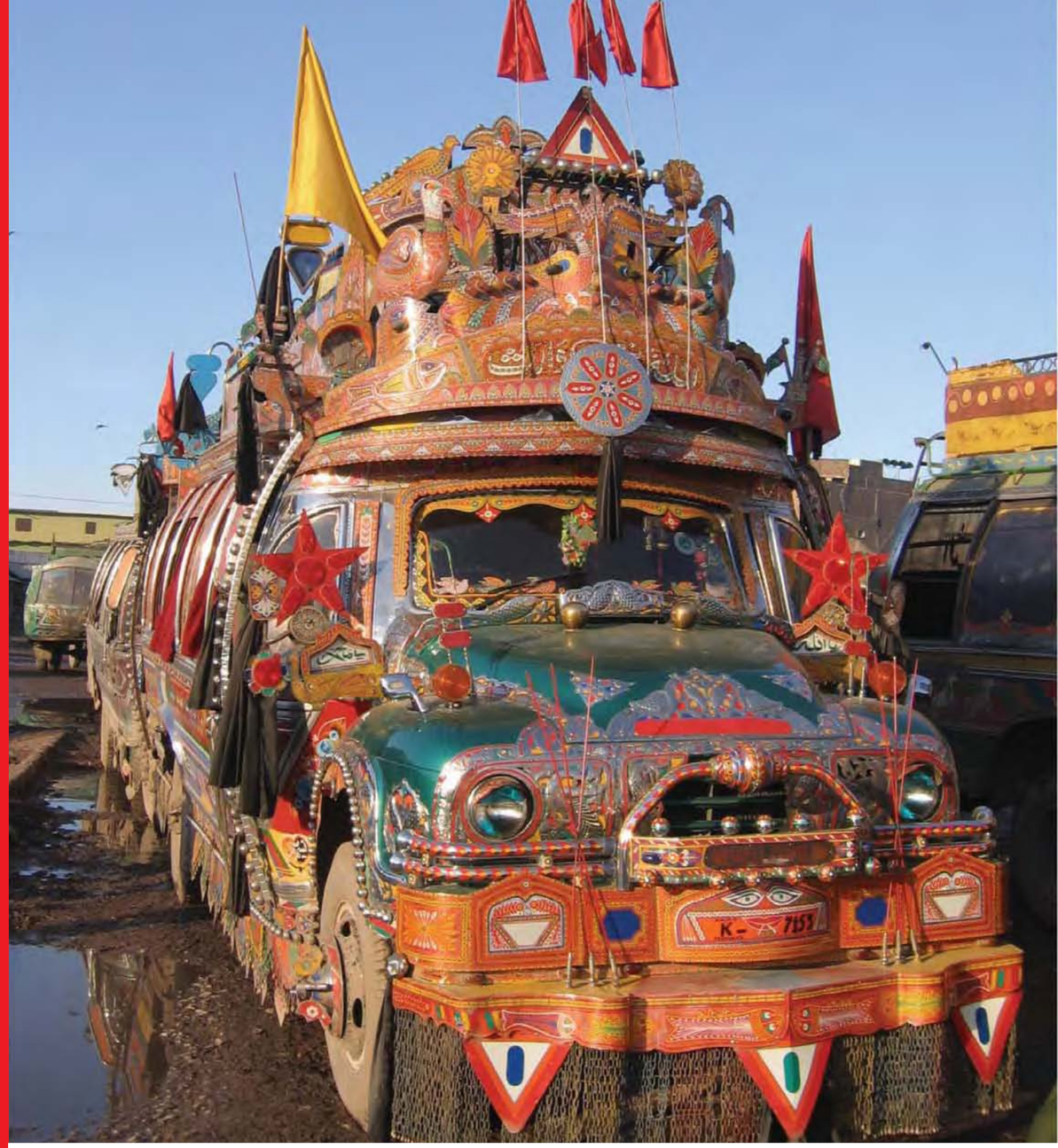
1:05 PM: Back at the port of Jaffa again to watch the sea and catch some fish, or at least some debris from things that might have been set on fire, exploded, and bombed.

1:15 PM: Exploring the rusty ships at the harbor. This is the part of Jaffa that John-John has never seen. The kids wouldn't know this as they don't really watch the news but it looks like Gaza, which isn't that far off and where more than 160 Palestinians have been killed by Israeli forces in under a month.

2:01 PM: The Arab–Israeli kids playing Alien vs. Predator in the hallway of the Jewish-Israelis' apartment. Note Predator's pais (AKA Jewish hair ringlets).

2:20 PM: Here we go again... Arab and Israeli boys fighting.

2:47 PM: The kids kept a diary of their experiences the whole day, the Arab-Israelis in Arabic and the Jewish-Israelis in Hebrew. John-John wrote, "I feel it is very good for them and they understand the games here and I am having fun with them."



THE VICE GUIDE TO TRAVEL

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3:04 PM: This is Hadar's new drawing buddy. The Arab children drew with tons of symbolism ranging from houses and suns to hearts and flowers. Hadar was more into abstract images, influenced by her dad who's an artist. Pretty boring.

3:20 PM: Mmmm, that looks tasty. Living in a poor area isn't much fun but fringe benefits like drinking water out of a piece of rubber piping lying in a pool of mud are manifold. As John-John slurps away, Abed is behind him preparing a fishing line—to garrote the unsuspecting Jew, his race's sworn enemy. (Just kidding, just kidding.)

3:35 PM: Jamilah and Efaf loved Hadar's Barbie collection, mostly because of the fact that Arab children are forbidden to play with Western thingamabobs like this by their parents.

3:44 PM: Efaf dressed Hadar up like a princess and then left her on her own so they could get on with playing with her Barbie dolls while she wandered around totally bewildered about what the kvetch was going on.

4:00 PM: More fucking around in abandoned burned-out stuff. John-John said, "The Arabs are very nice and they are good people too and they did not do anything to me or me to them, so there is no reason why we should not get along. Maybe there are people who are afraid and don't like Arabs, but I don't have a problem…"

4:30 PM: Check out the symbolism. A wall. An Arab. A Jew. Errr, blue sky with some clouds in it. Errr, the sky is blue for the Jew and the clouds represent the Arab? The Arab is raising his right hand in victory over the Jew and the Jew is in the part of the picture with the most clouds in it. Wow, metaphors are hard.

4:49 PM: As we draw near the end of the day, the kids start to go crazy and desperately try to eke out as much fun from this situation as possible before they head back to the grim reality of daily life. Jamil gasped, "I watched cable TV and I liked to play on the computer. They even have chairs, an oven, and a washing machine!"

5:00 PM: Last round on the PlayStation for the Arabs before they return to the spartan existence that their religion demands. In closing, Jamil told us, "I'm glad I met John-John and that he knows me the same way I know him. Thank you very much." You're welcome, world!

Cursive - Happy Hollow

cd/lp - August 22, 2006

Eric Bachmann - To The Races

cd - August 22, 2006

Now It's Overhead - Dark Light Daybreak

cd - September 12, 2006

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SLAVERY'S BACK!

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IN BUCHAREST, YOU CAN BUY A YOUNG GIRL FOR 8,000 euros. I mean buy them as in you own them forever or until you sell them to someone else. Most of them are sold by their parents in Moldova when they are little children. As soon as they're bought, the owner brands them. This is normally a tattoo of his name.

I recently went to Bucharest to find and photograph some of these girls. One of the boatload of extremely awful things about this situation is that the girls have internalized their circumstances. This is their life, and they don't lament it. It's fucking heartbreaking.

Bucharest became one of the roughest cities in Europe during the war in Yugoslavia and the mob built up an amazing network in the aftermath. No matter what you want, you just need to know the right person.

These are some pictures of the kids I met during my stay in Bucharest and also a very sad letter that was sent to me by a girl whose owners wouldn't let me take her picture.

The above girl is **Cezara**. She's 15 years old and the person who inspired this story. She comes from an extremely poor family. Her father was an alcoholic farmer who loved gambling. When she was seven years old, he racked up a big gambling debt and—at her mother's suggestion, they decided to give Cezara as a gift to the mafia guy who owned the illegal gambling place. "I hated my parents for doing that but I got over it," Cezara says. "I don't agree with their decision but I don't blame them for it. I understand the situation. I don't remember much about them anyway. Some of my owners take good care of me. They buy me clothes and food and I have a place to sleep at night. I don't need much more to live."

Since her parents gave her away to settle a debt, Cezara has been passing from one hand to another. She's had five owners in the last eight years.

Some owners pimped her and others took her home for their private pleasures. Right now she belongs to a big pimp and works on the streets 24 hours a day. The tattoos on her arms and chest are the names of her previous owners.

Cezara was not styled at all for this picture That's how she walks around town.

Steffi, above, is eight years old. I met her while wandering in Bucharest's gypsy camp. Steffi approached me and took me to her family's trailer. Her parents were there and everybody was friendly to me, even though they lived in extreme misery. Gypsies in Romania, as in other parts of the world, are total outsiders. They don't have social security, jobs, or anything. But gypsies don't want to belong to the white society either. They have their own rules in the camp. For example, if a girl is getting married she must be a virgin. The oldest woman of the family will violently insert a napkin inside her and if she bleeds, it means she's a virgin. If she doesn't bleed, they'll cancel the wedding and the girl will be marked with a knife wound on her face. This is why anal sex is such a common practice within the gypsy community.

I asked the father if I could take some pictures of Steffi and he said, "Yeah." I gave them the Polaroids afterwards and they

KIDS TODAY: BUCHAREST

were super-happy. When I was leaving, the father took me into a corner and started trying to sell me his daughter for around 10.000 euros.

Craita, above, is 12 years old. She's more of a "freelancer" and doesn't have an owner yet. The harsh thing is that she is actually looking for one. A lot of these girls see prostitution as a quick way out of the misery of living in post-communist, hyper-capitalist Bucharest. Craita saw me in the street walking with a camera and some lights. She came straight up and started asking a lot of questions: Were we famous? What kind of pictures were we taking? Could she model for us? She told me her dream was to be a model or a big star of some sort.

We shot her for a while, then I took a break and went for some drinks. While I was gone, Craita approached my male friend who was helping me with the photos. She ran down a veritable menu for him, like how she'd suck his cock or how he could fuck her in the ass for something less than 20 euros. She told him she'd like to be his little girl and that she wanted to come to Europe with us. She'd do anything, she said. When I got back, my friend told me about it and I immediately asked Craita if she had a family or an owner. She didn't want to talk to me about it—it seemed like she wanted to establish some sort of deal with my friend. She was very young, but so determined, and that freaked us the fuck out. When we were leaving, she said that she could be ours forever for 8,000 euros.
CLAUDIA GRASSI

PACKOFRATS WILL STAB YOU IN YOUR HIP-HOP AND USE YOUR MOS DEF* CD TO SCRAPE ICE OFF MY WINDSHIELD.

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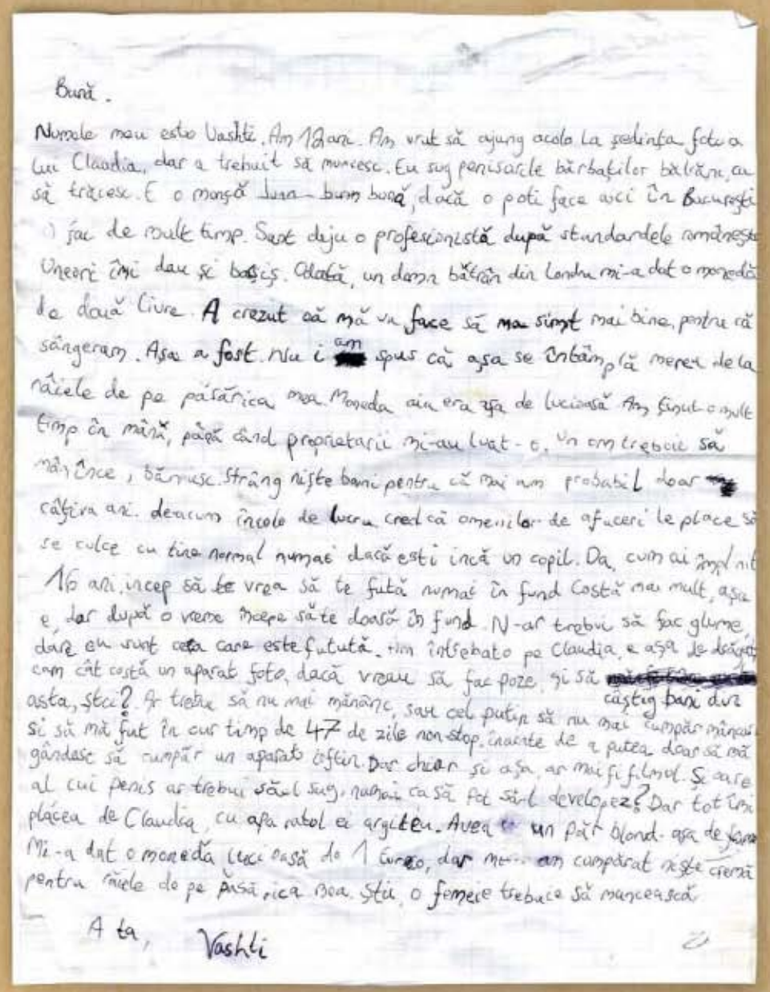


Bună.

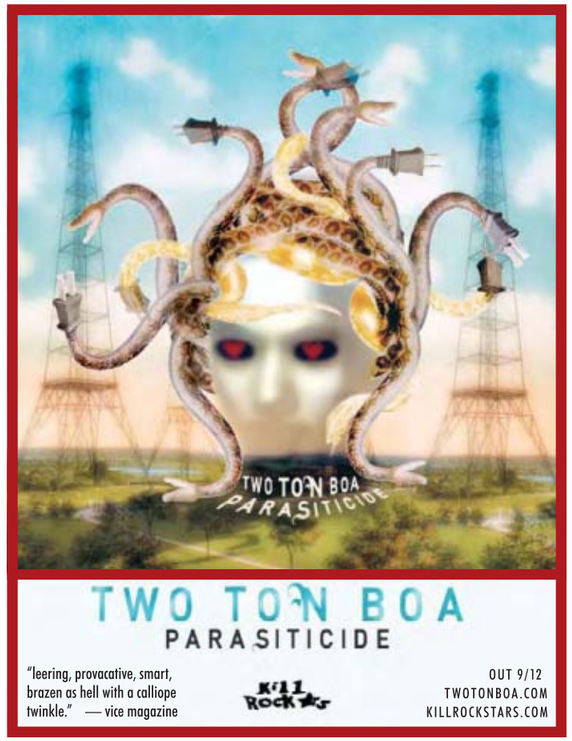
Numele meu este Vashti. Am 12 ani. Am vrut să ajung acolo la ședința foto a lui Claudia, dar a trebuit să muncesc. Eu sug penisurile bărbaților bătrâni, ca să trăiesc. E o mâncă Juan-bunn bună, dacă o poti face aici în București. Fac de mult timp. Sunt deju o profesionistă după standardele românești. Uneori îmi dau și bacșiș. Odată, un domn bătrân din Londra mi-a dat o monedă de două livre. A crezut că mă va face să mă simt mai bine, pentru că sângeram. Așa a fost. Nu i am spus că așa se întâmplă mereu de la râiele de pe păsărica mea. Moneda aia era așa de lucioasă. Am ținut-o mult timp în mână, până când proprietarii mi-au luat-o. Un om trebuie să mănânce, bănuiesc. Strâng niște bani pentru că mai am probabil doar câțiva ani. deacum încolo de lucru cred că omenilor de afaceri le place să se culce cu tine normal numai dacă ești încă un copil. Da, cum ai împlinit 16 ani, încep să te vrea să te fută numai în fund. Costă mai mult, așa e, dar după o vreme începe să te doară în fund. N-ar trebui să fac glume, dar eu sunt cea care este futută. Am întrebat pe Claudia, e așa de drăgăț cam cât costă un aparat foto, dacă vreau să fac poze, și să câștig bani din asta, știi? Ar trebui să nu mai mănânc, sau cel puțin să nu mai cumpăr mâncare și să mă fut în cur timp de 47 de zile non-stop, înainte de a putea doar să mă gândesc să cumpăr un aparat ieftin. Dar chiar și așa, ar mai fi filmul. Și care al cui penis ar trebui să-l sug, numai ca să pot să-l developez? Dar tot îmi plăcea de Claudia, cu apa ratul ei argileu. Avea un păr blond, așa de femeie. Mi-a dat o monedă lucioasă de 1 Euro, dar mi-am cumpărat niște cremă pentru râiele de pe păsărica mea. Știi, o femeie trebuie să muncească.

A ta, Vashti

A Letter from Bucharest
This is a real letter that one of the girls that Claudia met (but didn't photograph) sent her. It's probably the harshest thing we've ever published.

Hi. My name is Vashti. I'm 12 years old. I wanted to be there for your photoshoot, but I had to work. I suck old men's cocks to get money to live. It's good work if you can get it here in Bucharest. I've been sucking men's cocks now for a very long time. I think I'm really good at it. Sometimes they even tip me. Once this old man from London even gave me a £2 coin. He thought because he made me bleed it would make me feel better. It did. I didn't tell him it happened all the time from the wounds on my pussy. It was so shiny, that coin. I'm saving money now because I probably only got another couple more years left in this world, then I will be too old. I've seen it with my older friends. Nobody wants them anymore because they're already 16. Once you turn about 16 or so, they start to only want to do it in your ass. It cost more but it hurts a lot too. I asked you Claudia, you're so pretty, how much a camera would cost me if I wanted to take pictures for a living. I would have to stop eating, or at least buying food, and suck old penis for 47 days before buying a normal camera. Claudia, I really like your silver camera.

Good luck,
Vashti



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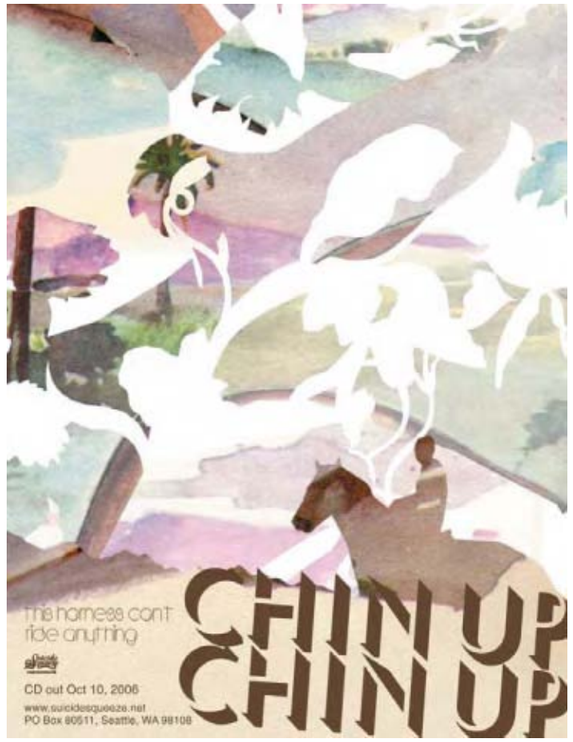
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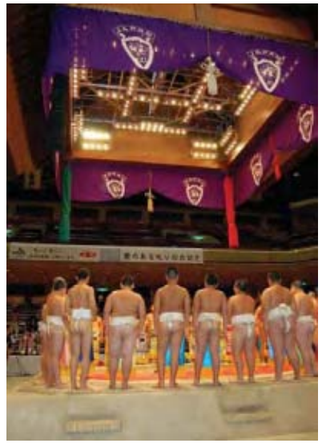

TONS OF FUN

Sumo Kids Chow Down

I JUST WENT TO THE GRAND SUMO championships in Tokyo. It was heavy.

In the annual Wanpaku Sumo Tournament, which is the youngsters' division, kids from ages 7 to 12 took part to determine who's the toughest fat boy in the land. They come from all over Japan, plumped and pumped mentally and physically, to slam their rivals to the dirt.

Just like in the rest of Japan, appearances here are crucial. "I feel that my weak point today was not having trimmed my fingernails a bit nicer," says the 180-pound, 12-year-old Wanpaku Sumo second place champion. "I've been in this since I was five years old and I will be back again next year to leave with the title."

Until then, it's bowl after bowl of *chanko*, the traditional sumo food that consists of everything you have lying around the kitchen chucked into a pot along with some hot water. The sumo kids eat chanko until they can't breathe, then they nap. "We practice for an hour and a half every day, then we study, eat, and sleep," says today's champion. Sleeping after eating is very important for the little sumo body to gain maximum mass and is strictly enforced by their coaches. "For now, it's chanko and sleep," the champ says. "When we are older, we must drink beer when we eat. Beer will help with sleep as well."

RIKKI KASSO

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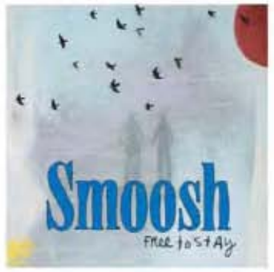

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JOKES FOR KIDS

Are Supposed To Be Fun!

JOKE SHOPS ARE PARADISE! IN AMONGST THE EDIBLE UNDERWEAR, PENIS-SHAPED lighters, and wind-up models of dogs having sex with women, there are tons of brightly colored, cutely packaged instruments of sabotage and vandalism that promise children not only fun, but REVENGE.

Got an enemy in school? Dose their lemonade with fart powder. Your mom is being a bitch? Slip some fake blood capsules in your mouth and pretend you've had a seizure.

We just blew a load of money at the local joke shop and got our 11-year-old friend Jimmy to test-drive some crap for us to see if any of it could possibly be as good as it looked on the package.

SNEEZING POWDER: Wow! This stuff looks so strong that one sniff could literally blow up the London Underground, killing and maiming tens of innocent bystanders.
Jimmy: I went into my brother's bedroom when he was asleep and put some of this brown powder above his upper lip. I waited and waited, but nothing happened. I even sniffed some of it myself. It went to the back of my throat, but it didn't make me sneeze.
Disappointment Factor: 10/10

ITCHING POWDER: Ooooh, itchy. The tormented gimp on the package looks like he's in so much despair he's ready to shit a kidney. Has he got a farm of aggressive red ants doing the conga in his underpants? No, he's just dabbed on a bit of this amazing itching powder.
Jimmy: I poured this in every single pair of my dad's underpants two days ago but I haven't seen him itching at all. We went to see *Over The Hedge* together the other day and I thought that maybe he'd start scratching since it was hot in the theater, but he didn't.
Disappointment Factor: 7/10

THE HORROR FINGER: OMFG, the horror! The sheer, infernal, unadulterated horror of a fat, bloodied finger.
Jimmy: It's pretty bad. I put it on my middle finger and pretended to my dad that I cut myself while chopping an apple, but he didn't believe me and told me to stop messing around. It doesn't even look like a finger.
Disappointment Factor: 9/10

FOAMING SUGAR: Boy, does this stuff look like a foaming feast! Even the dog's puking up foam—and you never see them doing that. (Dogs can eat anything but chocolate and it doesn't have an effect on them.)
Jimmy: I made my dad a cup of tea when he came in from a hard day at work and I put the whole packet in. He didn't notice the foam at all and drank the whole thing. I think I may have poisoned him a little bit because you probably shouldn't drink it. I expected it to do what it looks like on the pack. There's a picture of some fat guy with coffee or something and foam is pouring out of the cup. It's not like that in real life.
Disappointment Factor: 7/10

GARLIC SWEETS: On the package, there are toxic fumes emitting from the chops of a clown-like chubster toward a young French lady who looks rather attracted by this weird odor. Is she mad?
Jimmy: I gave these to my friends when they came round and pretended they were lime sweets. My friend Josh got sick and his mom had to come and bring him home. My dad told me off, but it's not really my fault. I thought they would taste OK and they'd just be plain, but they are really nasty actually. I wouldn't eat them. They taste just like garlic.
Disappointment Factor: 3/10

FUN SNAPS: Kapow! These bad boys look like could they blow your foot apart, like you'd just set off a shoe bomb on a packed passenger jet careering through American air space.
Jimmy: I was expecting a bit of fun, but it's not that good. It wasn't really scary. It's just like a tiny bang. I let all of them off out in the garden and the neighbors didn't even notice. Usually when I'm making noise, they come out and shout at me, but they didn't even hear what I was doing. It makes a noise, but it's not really a trick and it's not fun. It wouldn't shock you.
Disappointment Factor: 9/10

STINK BOMBS: These must be industrial strength, right? With that packaging, they look like something that could have been dropped on a Vietnamese village during the war, melting and burning the skin off terrified children and leaving an aftermath so toxic that generations to come would suffer the effects of mutated genes.
Jimmy: These do smell bad. I dropped them all at once on the pavement in our garden and I had to run inside to get away from the smell. It smelled ten times worse than when my granddad lets one go. It says on the box that it, "Releases an utterly evil stench." It's not evil, but it's pretty bad. I had to hold my nose even when I was in the house and all of the windows were closed.
Disappointment Factor: 1/10.

FART GAS: What in this crazy world that we live in could possibly be more utterly disgusting than a can filled with farts? The guy on the canister needs to wear a clothespin on his nose because the odor is so bad. That's how smelly this stuff is.
Jimmy: I thought there'd be green gas pouring out of it, like a big green fart, but it's not as bad as it looks on the can. I didn't see any clouds of gas. My dad didn't even notice when I sprayed it in the house, and I sprayed most of the can. It doesn't smell that much like a fart. It smells a bit like chemicals.
Disappointment Factor: 8/10

BIG BANG SOAP: You know this product must be pretty amazing when the man on the packet is so freaked out by it that he's paying no attention at all to the fact that a fat, naked, permed woman is perving out over his little todger.
Jimmy: I was going to leave it in the bathroom, so if someone came around and used it they'd probably jump in the bath or something because of the shock, but it came out of the box and it was broken. The bit that was meant to make the "big bang" was snapped off the soap thing, and when I went to pull it back it snapped on my finger and cut it. It's dangerous. My finger hurts. I don't like it.
Disappointment Factor: 26/10

BLACK FACE SOAP: Can you imagine anything worse than being late for work because you had to clean this sticky black goo off your face after some cruel but hilarious prankster swapped your regular facial cleanser for this stuff? From the looks of the package, this soap could get people fired from their jobs and that could affect the economy, which in turn could plunge the Western world into poverty. Let's put it to the test!
Jimmy: Isn't it supposed to make your face all black and horrible? I rubbed it on as soon as I woke up today and my face went a bit gray, but it all came off later and I didn't even notice. It's garbage. A clown gave me one once and it didn't work either. I guess I wasn't expecting much because it failed before. I think it should be called "slightly gray face soap".
Disappointment Factor: 89.67/10

FAKE CIGARETTE: The great thing about these cigs is that you get to look totally cool and not have to deal with lung cancer, clogged arteries, smelling like an ashtray, speaking through an artificial larynx because you've had to have the real one removed, and all of the other not so fun stuff that we don't like to talk about. Great, eh?
Jimmy: It looks pretty much like a cigarette, but there's talcum powder or something in it. It's not good for kids to have fake cigarettes though, because it doesn't give a nice impression. I was walking around outside with it in my mouth and a neighbor was looking out her window at me. If someone sees you with a fake cigarette in your mouth they'll think it's real, so it's not good. And it's not fun.
Disappointment Factor: 1,092/10

WINNER: STINK BOMBS! LOSER: EVERYTHING ELSE!

LITTLE JIMMY AND JOHNNY MCSNOTTELL

Windy City Heat
Comedy Central

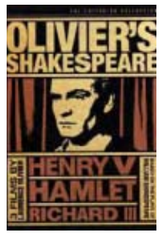
What is the funniest thing in the world? How about cruelty? How about a 12-year prank funded by Jimmy Kimmel where an innocent boob hell-bent on fame is tortured again and again like a delirious donkey with a carrot-flavored carrot stuck to his forehead. You may remember this insta-classic from our Mistakes Issue. You couldn't watch it back then because Comedy Central saw it as their red-headed stepchild and kept delaying its release. Well, the stepchild is finally ready to move out of the house. Praise Jesus. I could go on about how it's Eminem's favorite movie and Johnny Knoxville has seen it 17 times and blah blah blah, but I'll let the movie speak for itself. It is, quite simply, the greatest thing ever created.
GAVIN MCINNES

Koko: A Talking Gorilla
Criterion Collection

Koko is that gorilla whose keepers taught her sign language in the 70s. Ever hear of her? This is a documentary about Koko and Dr. Penny, the woman who dedicated her whole life to this primate. Fascinating, right? Well, kind of. An hour and a half of watching Koko eating donuts and wearing mohair sweaters is cute and kooky, but the really interesting stuff is what you find out when you start Googling "Koko, gorilla" after you're done watching the movie. Did you know that in 2005 Koko was sued for sexual harassment? Neither did I. Maybe you remember Koko and her kitten All-Ball. Well did you know that when All-Ball died, Koko cried actual tears and went into a short depression? Really? She did? You're fuckin-A right she did! Consider *Koko: A Talking Gorilla* a primer for the full-scale Kokes obsession you'll harbor after watching it.
PS: Koko has a nipple fetish too. Now will you fucking Google her already?
WILLIE IGGERSON

Harlan County, USA
Criterion Collection

Who knew a small Kentucky town full of striking coal miners in the 1970s could be so radically stylish? Fuck, these guys look great. Especially when they're angered to the point of tearful rage by the corporate scum, strikebreaking scabs, and staggering poverty in which they live. This beautiful, heartbreaking, historically important, and amazing-looking documentary will make all you rich pigs wish you could be born again as a member of the working class. But guess what? You never, ever can.
JERRY MCPHEERSON



Olivier's Shakespeare
Criterion Collection

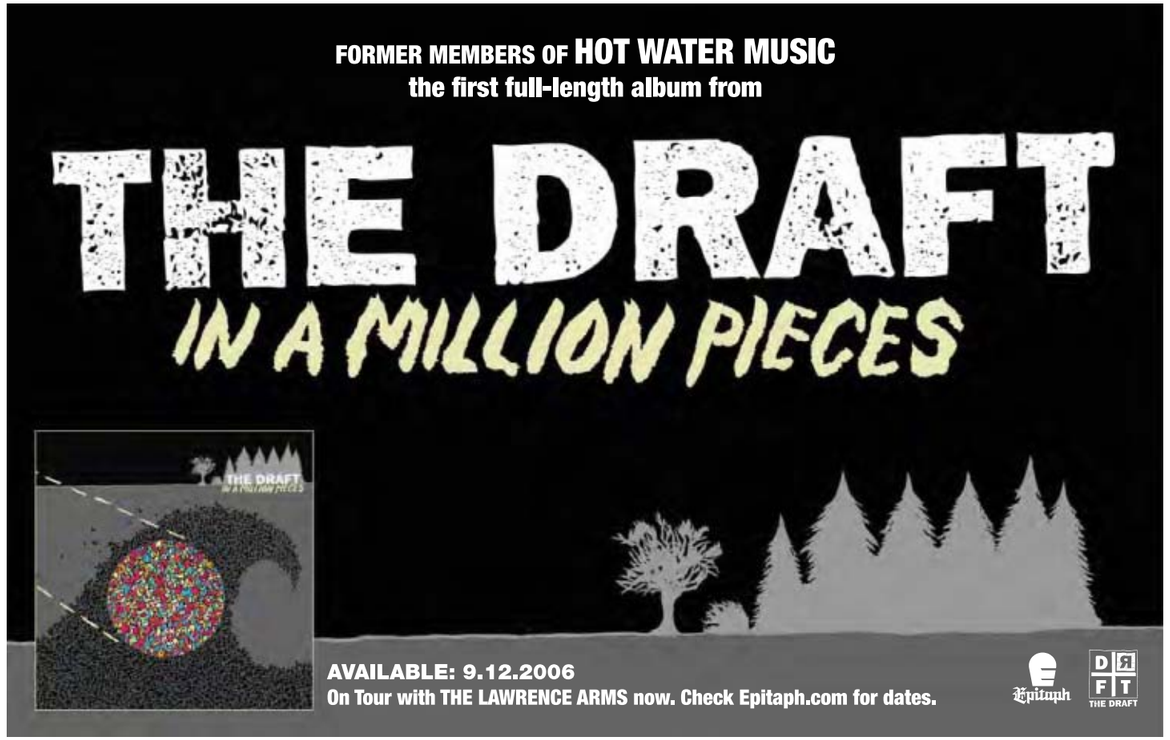
Can we ride the Criterion Collection dick any harder? This new box set contains definitive editions of Olivier's takes on *Henry V*, *Hamlet*, and *Richard III*. Think you don't get Shakespeare? Think this shit is boring? Then give it one more try on this set. If you don't love Sir Laurence as the Dutch king of legend or the lionhearted Dick, then you're not as smart as I am. Therefore, like all fans of Shakespeare, I will do my utmost to make you feel bad about yourself next time we get drunk together.

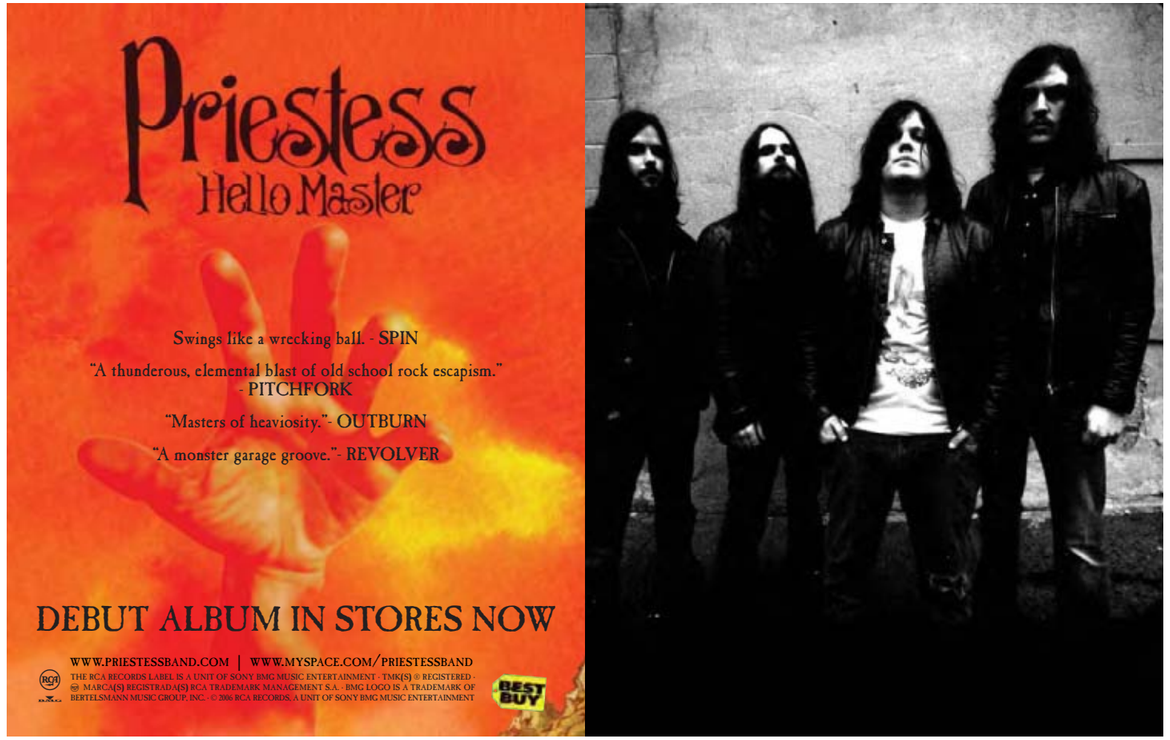
Anyway, this set is fucking great.
JAMES FLUCK

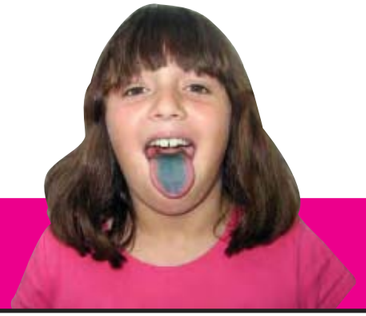
The Tomorrow Show: Tom Snyder's Electric Kool-Aid Talk Show
Shout Factory

Oh look, it's a bunch of mind-numbingly boring boomers (Ken Kesey, Tim Leary, Tom Wolfe, and Tom Snyder) sucking each other's withered old cocks. And this shit was first on TV in the early 80s, when they were already spending all their time rehashing their stupid adventures in the 60s. Exhuming this talk show for a DVD release is like digging up Jerry Garcia's corpse and forcing all of us to get fucked by it.

The one non-puke-inducing aspect of this collection is the fact that there are a bunch of great Dead performances on it. Sure, they already look bloated and old and not much different from the infamous "disco Dead" days, but they play "Dire Wolf," man! I mean, come on—"Dire Wolf"?
VERNER PANTONE







REVIEWED BY KATHRYN, 9, FROM NEW JERSEY

Mika Miko
C.Y.S.L.A.B.F.
Kill Rock Stars

Kathryn: This sounds crazy!

Would you listen to this?
Kathryn: If I was crazy maybe.

What do you think they look like?
Kathryn: Crazy! Crazy clothes and spiky hair.

What do you think they're yelling about?
Kathryn: I dunno. Maybe their hairstyles hurt them.

Thumbs up or thumbs down?
Kathryn: Two thumbs down. I like Lindsay Lohan better. She's my favorite.

Dr. Dre
Chronicles: Death Row Classics
Death Row

Kathryn: This is kinda OK. Like, if it was playing in the car or at a dance party.

Have you ever heard of Dr. Dre?
Kathryn: Nuh-uh.

Does he look like a nice man?
Kathryn: He looks like he has to go to the bathroom.

Uh-oh, he said a curse word.
Kathryn: Which one?

The b-word. It's not such a bad one.
Kathryn: Oh, I know that one.

Pajo
1968
Drag City

Kathryn: He sounds sad. And crazy. I never heard anyone sing like this.

When might you listen to this?
Kathryn: I would listen to this if I was out in the forest without any clothes.

Who do you imagine listening to this kind of music?
Kathryn: Someone named Furniture.

The Dears
Gang of Losers
Arts & Crafts

Do you like it?
Kathryn: The music is OK but not the guy singing. It's called *Gang of Losers*, but it should've been called *One Special Loser*.

Oh, face!

Ecstatic Sunshine
Freckle Wars
Carpark

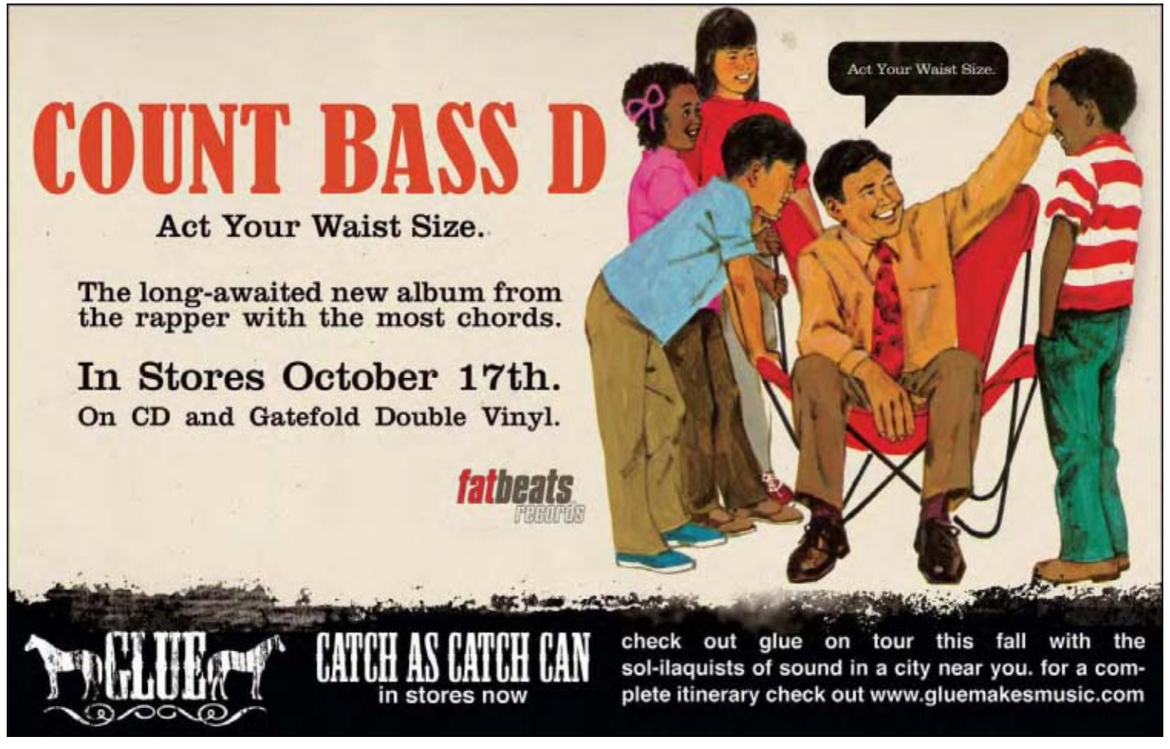
Isn't that a cute cover?
Kathryn: Umm... what is it?

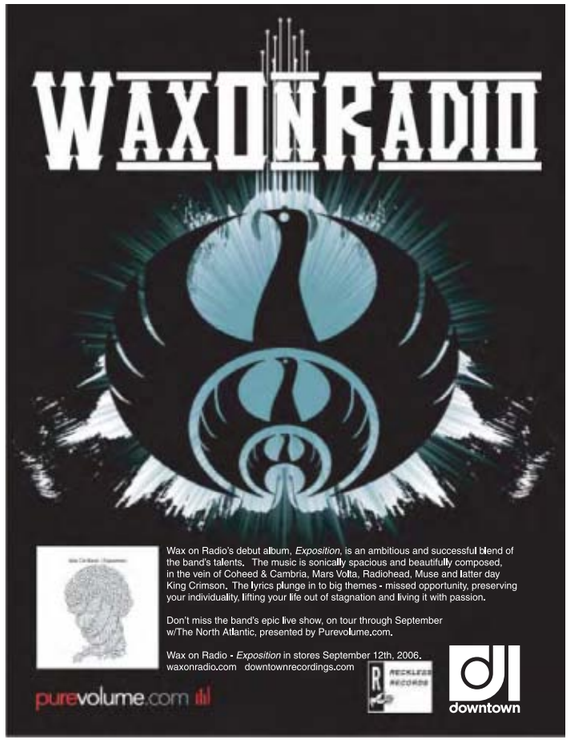
It's a cat.
Ha ha ha! That's a crazy cat! When do they start singing?

I don't think they do.
Why not?

It's instrumental music.
It sounds like they are practicing for later.

So you're not into it?
It's OK, but I like *High School Musical* better. I can do the dance moves and everything.





REVIEWED BY RACHEL, 7, AND LAUREN, 8, FROM TORONTO

Transcribed by Kritty Uranowski

Sparklehorse
Dreamt for Lightyears in the Belly of the Mountain
Capitol

What does this make you think of?
Rachel: Calm, like singing to the stars. I would eat fruit listening to this music. Bananas, apples, peaches—stuff like that.
Lauren: I think it's sort of like she is singing to herself or her dog or something. This isn't really my thing.

When would you listen to this music?
Rachel: When you are really sad or lonely.
Lauren: This is not my favorite.
Rachel: Me neither.

Who would listen to this music?
Lauren: Crazy boys that smell like skunks.
Rachel: People with short arms and short legs.

Puffy Amiyumi
Splurge
Tofu

Rachel: I think this is a really fun rock band.
Lauren: This makes me feel like I am throwing a party in the house.

Who would you invite to the party?
Rachel: Friends from dance, friends from school, next door neighbors.

What do you think this singer looks like?
Rachel: Hair dyed purple or pink, with like a skull on her shirt.

Who would listen to this?
Lauren: A family that likes weird music would listen to this together. Maybe twins, because twins like crazy music sometimes.

The Watson Twins
Southern Manners EP
Self-released

Rachel: This is the best CD I have heard.
Lauren: Yeah, this is the best.

What do you think happened to make them so sad?
Lauren: I think she is just trying to make a sad story so she can make a slow, nice song.

So, you don't think anything sad happened to them?
Lauren: Yeah, someone passed away.

What do you think these girls look like?
Rachel: They probably have nice hairdos.
Lauren: They would probably wear clothes that are kind of dressy and kind of funky, like dark blue, gray, and a little bit of black and red.
Rachel: I think they would not wear much makeup.

00100
Taiga
Thrill Jockey

Lauren: This isn't really my thing. It's like banging. I didn't like how the music started or how the girl started singing and I didn't like the tune. It makes me feel so mad.
Rachel: This makes me feel sorta mad, sorta sad. Mostly mad. I don't think I'd ever listen to this.
Lauren: I don't know why they are yelling.

What kind of people do you think listen to this music?
Rachel: Japanese people.
Lauren: Mad people.

What do you think the people that listen to this music look like?
Rachel: They probably look like they are hunting for food.
Lauren: This is funny.
Rachel: This is not the worst CD I have ever heard, but it is one of them.

Jennifer O'Connor
Over the Mountain, Across the Valley and Back to the Stars
Matador

Lauren: It is sort of plain. It's not very fun, there is not very much music.
Rachel: I think she sounds pretty sad.
Lauren: I think she is singing because her best friend died.
Rachel: It is sort of boring. Like she is riding a horse.

If this music was a flavor of ice cream, what flavor would it be?
Lauren: Like dark, dark chocolate.
Rachel: Like brownie, but plain.
Lauren: This makes me feel sort of sad and sort of funny, like if you are moving to get a new cottage but you are sad you are leaving the old cottage.

REVIEWED BY MACKLIN, 9, AND CARSON, 7, FROM NEW YORK

The Husbands
There's Nothing I'd Like More than to See You Dead
Swami

How would you describe this music?
Macklin: Some sort of rock music and very wild.

Would you ever listen to this?
Macklin: Maybe when my friend came over and we had nothing to do, we'd put it on and jump around.

If this music was an animal, what animal would it be?
Macklin: I can picture a penguin with a purple afro.
Carson: A monkey! Monkeys rock!

Acid Mothers Temple & the Melting Paraiso U.F.O.
Have You Seen the Other Side of the Sky?
Ace Fu

Carson: Sounds like a wild jungle with monkeys screaming and lions chasing giraffes and the giraffe can't move. Wild, wild jungle.
Macklin: A rocketship going up into the air mixed with punk rock. Very wild.
Carson: Very, very wild!

What do you think they look like?
Carson: Bald.

Can you tell what language he's singing in?
Macklin: Hebrew?

Mastodon
Blood Mountain
Reprise

How would you describe this?
Macklin: It sounds like... disturbing. I don't recommend it.
Carson: Very wild. Wild, wild, wild.

What do you think the band looks like?
Macklin: Maybe they have mohawks.

Have you ever had a mohawk?
Carson: No, but I dyed my hair purple for Crazy Hair Day at camp.

Bonnie "Prince" Billy
The Letting Go
Drag City

Carson: This is probably not wild music.

How can you tell? I haven't even played it yet.
Macklin: 'Cause it's got a picture of a beach on it.
Carson: That is a very calm place.

You're totally right! Let's listen.
Macklin: We would play this in the car.
Carson: We like calm music in the car.
Macklin: Or the radio. We like Z100. They have the best songs.

What does this music make you imagine?
Carson: Very sad moments.

V/A
Good God! A Gospel Funk Hymnal
The Numero Group

Macklin: This reminds me of a song me and my friend made on Garage Band in computer camp.
Carson and Macklin's mom: If we were listening to this in the car, how long would it be before you made me turn it off?
Macklin: Depends what kind of mood I'm in. if I'm in the mood for a Sean Paul song, then like, five minutes.

Ooh, Sean Paul! I really like "Temperature."
Macklin: Yeah, that one is good. I also like "Give It Up to Me" but it's inappropriate. It's hard to understand him, but if you read the lyrics, it's very inappropriate.
Carson: Very, very inappropriate!

REVIEWED BY MIRANDA, 9, RORY, 5, AND SABRINA, 9, FROM NEW YORK

The Mars Volta
Amputechture
Universal

Miranda: It sounds like in a musical where something bad would happen. It's like that mixed with Japanese music and punk rock.
Sabrina: I like the beat. But I don't like the songs.
Rory: I LOVE it!

Miranda: The only reason he likes it is 'cause I don't like it.

Why do you like it, Rory?
Rory: It's kind of sad, but then in the middle it sounded like something happened, like a rainbow! It makes me feel right at home when I see a rainbow pictured in my head.
Miranda: The guy's voice sounds like a girl. It keeps going up and down, up and down. I don't really like it.

What kind of people do you think listen to this?
Miranda: Sad people who are depressed.
Rory: Japanese!

Miho Hatori
Ecdysis
Rykodisc

Miranda: She's singing in another language. I like it!
Sabrina: Yeah, I like it! It's jazzy.

Who do you think listens to this?
Miranda: People who are very jazzy, and people who speak Japanese.

When might you listen to this?
Sabrina: Sometimes I listen to Spanish music on the radio. But maybe if I got sick of that I would try to find a Japanese channel.
Miranda: Maybe while eating dinner, but not so often.

What did you think of it, Rory?
Rory: It was great! I was reading a story in my head while it was going on.

What kind of story?
Rory: Something about a knight, with me being Peter Pan.

Pharrell
In My Mind
Interscope

Gwen Stefani sings on this song, do you like her?
Sabrina: Yeah! [*singing*] I ain't no hollaback girl!

Oops, sorry, there was a curse word.
Miranda: It's OK, we know all of them.
Sabrina: [*dancing*] Once I start dancing, I can't stop!

You're a good dancer! Where'd you learn those moves?
Sabrina: I saw them on TV.
Miranda: This is OK, but it's not the best. It's all kind of the same. But I would definitely dance to it.

Do you have a favorite rap song?
Miranda: My favorite song that's closest to rap is probably "Hips Don't Lie" by Shakira.
Sabrina: I like Black-Eyed Peas. I love hip-hop and R&B.

Hella
Acoustics
5RC

Sabrina: Is that chocolate on the cover? Ha ha ha! It looks like chocolate!

Yeah, it's a melted chocolate Easter bunny.
Sabrina: Ha ha ha! It looks like an elephant!

Based on the cover picture, what would you think the music sounds like?
Sabrina: Chocolaty!
Miranda: Maybe a little rock-ish, like they want to destroy stuff.

That's pretty right on. Let's listen to it now.
Miranda: It sounds like a different culture mixed with punk rock.

Does it make you feel happy or sad?
Rory: Happy. REALLY happy.
Miranda: It makes me feel weird.

Pere Ubu
Why I Hate Women
Smog Veil

Miranda: *Why I Hate Women*? I don't wanna listen to that! Stupid sexist men! Women rule the universe, thank you very much!

Why do you think he hates women?
Miranda: He probably got dumped and he's taking revenge!
Sabrina: I don't like this.
Miranda: His voice sounds like the voice my friend makes when he's trying to be weird.
Sabrina: Like an alien voice. Like, "Myeh, myeh, myeh!"

What kind of people do you think listen to this stuff?
Miranda: Men who are dateless.

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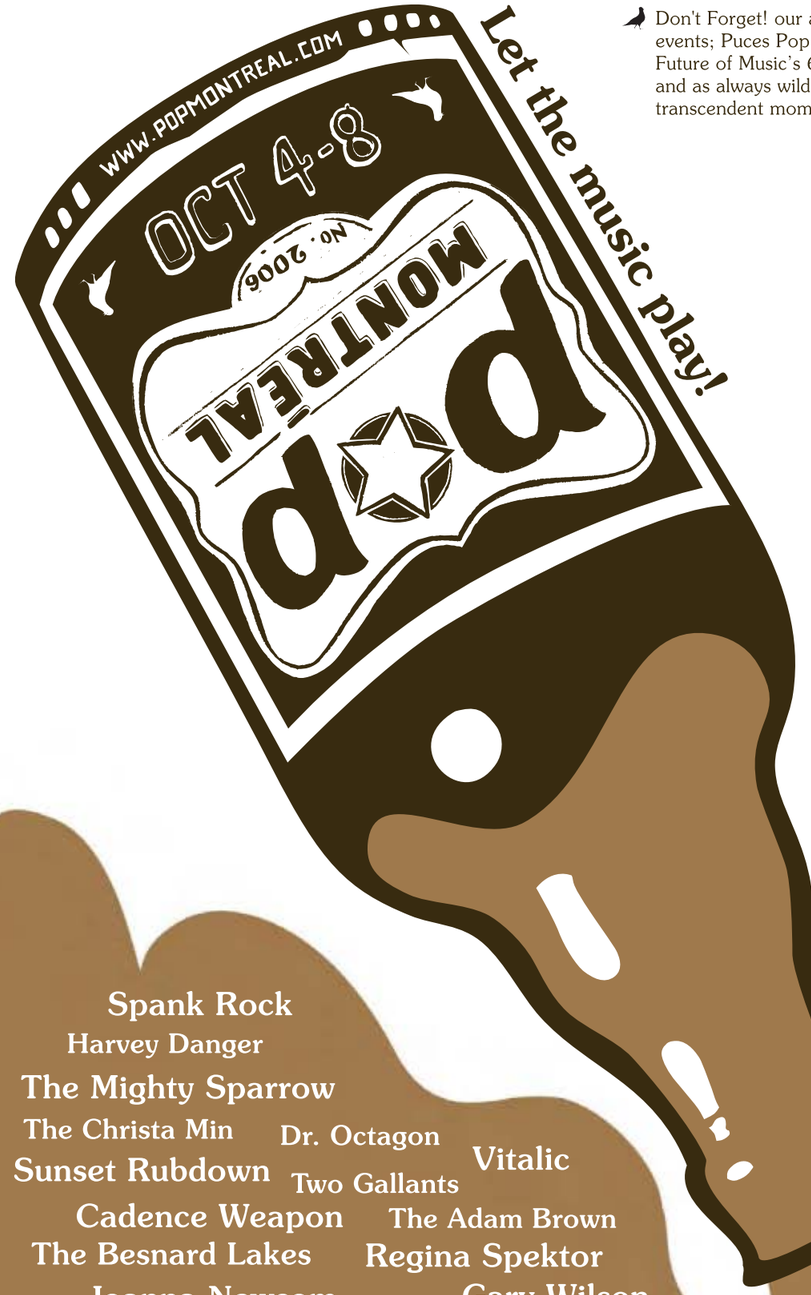

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The Mighty Sparrow
The Christa Min
Dr. Octagon
Sunset Rubdown
Two Gallants
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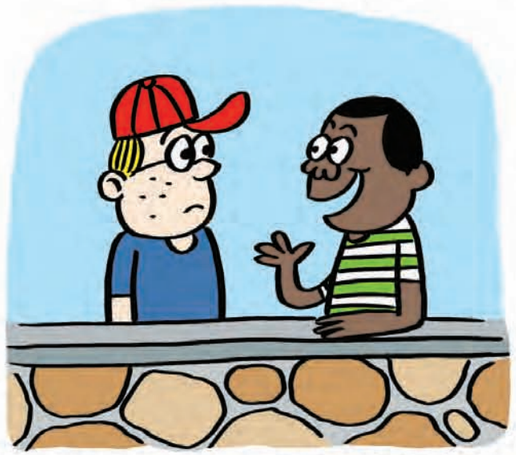
Krazy Kids Kartoons

BY JOHNNY RYAN

"TODAY'S THE DAY I FINALLY TAKE THE TRAINING WHEELS OFF OF MY TAMPON!"

"HI! I'M COLLECTING MONEY TO HELP THE GIRL SCOUTS PROJECT A GIANT IMAGE OF THE TOOTH FAIRY'S PUSSY ONTO SANTA CLAUS' BIG, FAT GUT!"



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